New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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photos Herb Greer
★
Lord Reith's Last Word
by Harold Wilson
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British Worthies
by R. H. S. Crossman

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The Times Are Out of Joint

No one who knows anything about Printing House Square will believe the story, assiduously spread by the government and its press supporters, that *The Times* attack on Mr Selwyn Lloyd was an accident due to journalistic misjudgment. To accept it is to attribute to Sir William Haley and his senior colleagues a degree of professional incompetence not only libellous but inconceivable. If it were true, why has Sir William not been called upon to resign? And why has no word of apology appeared in his newspaper? Certainly, his judgment is by no means infallible; and this, his first attempt to exert the traditional king-making powers of *The Times*, reveals that he does not yet possess the finesse of a Delane or a Dawson. The effect of the story at Geneva was underestimated, and the venture has plainly ended in fiasco, since Mr Lloyd is now more firmly established than ever. But there can be no doubt that, before giving his Political Correspondent's story such prominence, Sir William was satisfied it was based on high authority. We can therefore assume that its publication had a calculated political object.

Indeed, this view is undoubtedly held by Mr Macmillan himself. Although, for political purposes, he has dispatched his henchmen to spread the rumour that *The Times* simply made a fool of itself—a version naturally welcomed by its competitors—he has not dared to say so in the House of Commons. Why? Because he knows that, if he did so, Sir William would stand by his story and would, if pressed, make it clear that the source was at Cabinet level. Mr Macmillan, in fact, went out of his way not to attack *The Times* in his parliamentary reference to the incident; and Sir William, for his part, has shown an unprofessional reluctance to revert to the subject. A bargain, in fact, spoken or unspoken, would seem to have been concluded between these two men, in their mutual interest, to let the matter drop.

The public, however, will not be satisfied with this barefaced attempt to plaster over the cracks in the Establishment façade. Mr Macmillan, indeed, has already conceded that the affair is of grave public importance by revealing the content of the telegram he dispatched to Mr Lloyd, and by raising the subject in the Commons. He could do no less: *The Times* report had the foreseeable effect of damaging the standing of the Foreign Secretary, and thus impairing the delicate negotiations in which he is playing such a vital part. For the Premier merely to reassert his confidence in Mr Lloyd is not, therefore, adequate. The incident gravely concerns the public interest and must be probed to its origins and motives.

This may have been Mr Macmillan's intention in his first moment of anger, and before he decided not to join personal battle with Sir William. But he has now realised the incalculable damage which a thorough investigation could do his government. Like Sir William, he understands that the leakage came from one of his colleagues—the names of two senior ministers are being widely canvassed at Westminster. But if the guilty man is identified, two questions must immediately be asked. Was this minister motivated purely by personal ambition? Or did he have the additional object of wrecking the Geneva conference? In either event, the incident would become a test of confidence in the probity of the Tory leaders.

Mr Macmillan has therefore pulled down an Iron Curtain. He and his colleagues have chosen to carry on together in uneasy and suspicious unity, rather than imperil their regime. The public can draw its own conclusions. The mask of 'Welfare Conservatism' is now slipping badly. Last week, we were treated to the spectacle of Tory businessmen fighting for money. This week—for a few brief seconds—we saw Tory politicians fighting for power. And the glimpse we thus got of the political morals of Top People makes *The Road to Brighton Pier* seem pretty small beer. No doubt some Labour ministers were not above manœuvring for office. But nobody has yet been able to accuse them of plotting the political assassination of a Foreign Secretary engaged in negotiations vital for world peace. Personal profit, personal power—and to Hell with the national interest—now stand revealed as a recurring characteristic of Tory conduct. The times, indeed, are out of joint.

Comments on the Week's News

The Printing Dispute

It is now possible that within three weeks there will be a complete stoppage in the printing industry apart from the national papers – and even these may run into some trouble owing to restrictions on the supply of printer's ink. Last week, when the employers made their first and belated offer in reply to the unions' claim for higher wages and the 40-hour week, there was some hope that a strike or a lock-out might be avoided: arbitration might have bridged the gap between the claim and the master printers' offer of one hour off the week and a 2½ per cent. wage increase. But the masters attached a condition to their offer. They put forward a number of suggestions 'to raise the industry's efficiency', and insisted that these must be accepted by the unions before any settlement could be reached on hours and wages. In reply, the unions asked for a settlement of their claim before they discussed changes in working conditions and methods. On this point the negotiations broke down, and the unions announced that they would begin from Tuesday to apply pressure on the employers. They were careful, however, to avoid any suggestion that they would 'work to rule': it was this, regarded as a breach of agreements, that led the employers to lock the men out in the 1956 dispute. The two main tactics were to be a ban on overtime and a policy of 'non-co-operation': the unions believed that this might cause some inconvenience but it would not lead to a lock-out. Their guess has proved wrong. The employers have now given a fortnight's notice to change employment conditions, and thereafter the men will be on a day-to-day basis. In fact, the employers are prepared to lock the men out again. This is a victory for the section of the employers who have been anxious for a showdown: they were induced to make any offer only by the moderates with large magazine interests, who have more to lose than those who are primarily printers rather than publishers.

After Victory

The Socialist People's Action Party which won such a sweeping election victory in Singapore last week had been skilfully painted by its political opponents, and by business interests, as a Frankenstein monster which would eat all Europeans and capitalists, collar even the savings of the workers and irrevocably alienate the leaders of the Malayan Federation. The campaign came pretty near to an attempt to create panic and a flight of capital in order to make government by PAP impossible. Now, with the PAP in office, the Singapore share markets have stayed steady. The new government's programme, indeed, is the mildest Fabianism. Unemployment insurance is to be introduced; industrialisation is to be largely by private investment; some of the £90 million of Singapore funds invested abroad is to be 'channelled back'. Probably the most unorthodox pledge is the one to provide government aid and direction to the trade unions (this is also a possible precaution against Communist infiltration). What has alarmed European interests has, it seems, been Mr Lee Kuan Yew's warning against 'European arrogance', but perhaps even more the purposefulness and dedication of the young men of the PAP. These qualities will, in fact, be very good for Singapore. They could result, for instance, in income tax being properly collected, and in poor people on the list for scarce housing being no longer elbowed aside by those who can pay bribes. This political puritanism of the PAP is not to the liking of the easy-going conservative government in neighbouring Malaya. But Lee Kuan Yew is determined to work towards union with Malaya; and in everything concerning relations with the Malayan government he will probably prove ready for compromises and reasonable concessions.

Trip to Tirana

Several questions about Mr Krushchev's visit to Albania remain unanswered. Why did high Chinese and East German officials fly to join him in Tirana? Did he, in fact, offer to meet President Tito somewhere on the border between Yugoslavia and Albania? And why, after all this time, has he induced Enver Hoxha – the most Stalinist of all the satellite leaders – to play down his campaign against Belgrade? His main purpose, it seems, was to float his proposal of a Balkan agreement to exclude rocket and nuclear weapons from the area: this is, in effect, a development from the short-lived Rumanian suggestion two years ago of a get-together between the Balkan Pact signatories, on the one hand, and Albania, Rumania and Bulgaria on the other. It seems equally unlikely to come to anything; for one thing it comes too hard on the heels of recent Bulgarian and Albanian attacks on Tito. But it is undoubtedly an effort to exploit Belgrade's dislike of rocket-bases in Italy. Some months ago the Italian Communist Party made a private approach to the Yugoslavs, asking them to join in a joint protest against these bases. It received the tart reply from Tito that if the Italian CP was also prepared to protest against Soviet rocket-bases in the Balkans, such co-operation might be possible. No doubt Tito will welcome any serious attempt to 'normalise' state relations with Tirana, but the Hoxha regime will have to prove its goodwill with something more than verbal declarations before it can expect any response from Belgrade. Though this attempt by Mr Krushchev to reduce tension in the Balkans does fit into his present 'peaceful' posture, it is hard to see why such a change required the presence of top-ranking Chinese soldiers.

The Real Issue in Uganda

The recent action of the government in banning the Uganda National Movement and arresting its leaders is an attempt to impart an air of resolution to a policy of vacillation. What is at issue is not the attainment of independence but whether, after independence, Uganda shall be a unitary or a federal state. The peoples of Uganda are, for the most part, strongly in favour of some form of separatism. Those outside Buganda recall the expansionism of the Buganda Kingdom in the past and are fearful of its predominance in the present; while the Baganda traditionalists are determined not to submit the Kingdom to the unbridled control of a future elected legislature which will have an effective non-Baganda majority. The government has always expressed the view that the Uganda Protectorate is too small to support a federal system; yet in spite of this it has already, in its dealings with Buganda, gone far in tacitly admitting the federal principle. The status of Buganda *vis-à-vis* the Crown is governed by a separate Order in Council and by agreements separately concluded and revised. The government has just protested to the Kabaka that it is his duty, and within his authority, to bring to heel those who are behind the present demonstrations and disturbances, and has agreed once again, in face of the Lukiko's refusal to send representatives to the Legislative Council, to negotiate a possible revision of the 1955 Agreement. But this is not enough. Whether or not the federal principle is conceded, the time has come for the government to face up to this issue, not in cabal with the Kabaka's government, but openly with the representatives of the country as a whole.

The ETU Conference

On the eve of the Electrical Trades Union conference, which meets in Bridlington next week, a special meeting of one union branch in London has declared its dissatisfaction with certain expenditures made by the union leadership, and repeated its request for further information about the way the union's funds have been spent in recent years. It will be important for members of the ETU to note what reply is offered by Mr Haxell to the annual conference – or whether he tries again to brush aside such inquiries on a technical pretext. Mr Haxell is arguing that no money has been spent except 'on the instructions of the executive council'. Can he, therefore, produce the executive minutes which authorised bills, for instance, of £135 at the 1955 TUC, and of £315, £104, and £192 in the succeeding years? This money was paid out to named hotels at which the ETU leaders were staying. The question is not simply whether, when the ETU was running into financial difficulties, the level of entertainment was extravagant: but whether it was in breach of union rules. One may also ask whether repairs and alterations to private residences were carried out by employees of the ETU, and whether their wages and costs were paid out of the estates fund which is devoted to maintenance of premises owned by the union. The ETU conference, moreover, may care to ask how many days' employment at their trade has been put in over the last three years by some 'lay' members of the executive council who are living on their expenses and special fees.

Helping the Refugees

The purpose of World Refugee Year, the British section of which was launched this week, is first to arouse public interest in the fate of the world's still unsettled refugees and secondly to raise in the UK the sum of £2 million. This is to be spent on the specific objectives of (1) helping the 1,300,000 refugees still under the mandate of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees; (2) re-settling the 8,000 European refugees from China; (3) helping nearly a million Chinese refugees in Hong Kong; (4) helping the million Palestine Arabs. Towards this great and deserving cause the government is at present contributing the not very generous sum of £200,000. More important, however, even than money is the official attitude in all the 'receiving' countries towards the admission of refugees. On that, the British government is not very forthcoming except in one welcome respect: Britain

is to consider recommendations from the refugee organisations for admitting a limited number of 'handicapped' – often tubercular or psychologically disturbed – refugees. The success or otherwise of WRY will be measured in the end by whether public opinion all over the world succeeds in forcing governments to take a more constructive atttitude towards a problem which shames humanity and is created almost entirely by governmental folly.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Johannesburg

The Ban on Luthuli

In gagging and exiling the deeply Christian and moderate Albert Luthuli, president of the African National Congress, the Nationalists have shown their fear of his increasingly acknowledged stature as the leader of South Africa's non-whites. Luthuli has waited out previous bans – he is, of course, a veteran of the treason trial – and has emerged from them with enhanced national prestige. This has grown further with his recent series of speeches stressing his belief in the justice and inevitability of a non-racialist South Africa, which contrasted strikingly with the illusions of Dr Verwoerd's 'Bantu self-government'. It is symptomatic of growing white uneasiness that these speeches of Luthuli's received unprecedented press coverage. When, on top of this, several Nationalist professors, champing at the bit of monolithic party loyalty and fearful for their *volk's* future, suggested consultations with Luthuli, it must have seemed to Verwoerd that things were going too far.

The ensuing ban on Luthuli was timed to prevent him, at the last moment, from presiding last Saturday at a special national ANC conference in Johannesburg, and from addressing an anti-pass rally there the following day. In the event, this rally and a Luthuli-protest substitute were banned, but the conference was allowed to proceed – minus several delegations intercepted *en route* by the police. Unbanned Congress leaders re-emphasised their racial tolerance – 'we hate the white man's laws but no white man' – and their determination to keep within even Nationalist laws.

The weapon now is to be an economic boycott of the products of Nationalist-controlled and other selected concerns. South Africa's economy has begun to feel in earnest the effect of falling world agricultural prices and, with rising mining costs but a fixed gold price, the delayed wake of the American recession. Unemployment is serious amongst the Africans, who are almost all excluded from a dole, and has reached semi-skilled whites. Nevertheless, the Union's nine million Africans are still spending £1 million a day. Most of this is for food and, with an increasingly competitive home market, their organised preferences could be important. The largest food-canning firm in the country last week thought this likely enough publicly to deny alleged Nationalist sympathies, make long-withheld concessions to African trade-unionism, and beg to be taken off any ANC boycott list. It is, however, impossible to say how effective the economic boycott weapon will prove to be wherever panic capitulation does not take place. The Congress, lacking an effective local organisation in most areas, must rely on spontaneous, and therefore unpredictable, mass response to its calls. A sustained response of this kind from desperately poor and oppressed people seems unlikely unless visible results, however small, are produced.

Last week's ANC conference indicated that this lesson of limited objectives may at last have been learnt. Following on renewed *exposés* of gross abuses of labourers on Bethal and neighbouring potato farms, Congress called on all Africans not to buy potatoes until a judicial commission of inquiry is appointed into the government scheme under which policemen and civil servants 'induce' alleged African 'pass' offenders to escape prosecution by 'volunteering' for labour on private white farms.

As a part of white public opinion has been shocked into demanding a similar inquiry, it seems that at least some diversionary form of commission will be appointed. The ANC has now announced that it will launch a boycott of numerous specific products on 26 June, its annual freedom day. Tension seems certain to increase as that date approaches.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Lisbon

What the Princess Won't See

A Correspondent writes: Dictator Salazar is exploiting to the maximum the propaganda potentialities of the current British trade fair in Lisbon, which includes a visit from Princess Margaret, beginning this week-end, and a military tattoo performed by British units. A contingent of 410 British officers and men arrived on 27 May and the following day an aircraft carrier, three destroyers and a frigate, plus RAF units. The same day, 20,000 men of Salazar's army – equipped with 70-ton Patton tanks supplied by Nato – paraded through the city, while guns fired salutes to celebrate the 33rd anniversary of the Fascist 'National Revolution'. On Wednesday, RAF planes will stage a fly-past, while Salazar's party militants hold parades in all major cities. The regime's press has not failed to draw attention to these 'coincidences', which demonstrate, it claims, Britain's 'confidence in Salazar's Portugal', and there is great glee in official circles that Princess Margaret will be seen by the public hobnobbing with the Fascist brass. Under the surface, however, the dictator is rattled. Despite a three-month diplomatic campaign – and the expenditure of a good deal of cash – he failed to persuade any of the South American republics to hand over his liberal opponents who have taken refuge in their embassies. Delgado has now got away safely to Brazil, and Argentine has secured a safe-conduct for Captain Galvao, Venezuela for Major Calafate and Cuba for Dr de Abreu. In Lisbon, these incidents are regarded as diplomatic defeats for the regime, and an indication that the opposition can now count on an increasing range of material support from Latin-America in the event of a *coup*.

Salazar is well aware of the dangers to his position. On 23 May, he told a meeting of nervous party chiefs: 'Hold on, hold on! The tempest will pass', and grimly promised that he would 'convince' the opposition of 'the sterility of political agitation and the risks involved in it'. To some extent he has already made good this threat. In March and April, arrests were in the region of 150, including eight officers, 16 economists, seven priests, the president of the Young Catholic Workers, 15 officials of the National Shipping Company, eight employees of the leading Lisbon store and many industrial and agricultural workers. The main political prisons (Peniche, Caxias, Penitenciaria de Lisboa, Aljubes, Oporto and Limoeiro) are overcrowded, despite the fact that some prisoners have been released from jail after being whipped and tortured.

In Salazar's view, his new Minister of the Interior – the last one resigned in disgust and is now engaged in penitential works of piety – has proved a howling success. The Minister, Arnaldo Schultz, had a notorious record for brutality in the Spanish Civil War, and found no difficulty in recruiting three torture experts – Porto Duarte, Fernando Gouveia and Jose Gonsalves. Among others who have recently suffered at their hands are Oscar Reis and Fancisco Pinto, who were kept standing many days with their penes tied with string to a nail in the wall, Regerio de Carvalho, now deaf after periodical doses of alternate drops of hot and cold water in his ears, and Dr Amadeu of Alcantara, who had his eyes burnt with cigarette ends and is now blind. It will be interesting to see whether the Princess finds time to discuss these matters with Schultz when she meets him this week.

Washington

Congress and the Unions

John L. Lewis, the Grand Old Thunderer, came out of the past to let loose a few bolts at the labour reform bills now pending in the House of Representatives. Illness and age have not undermined the gaudy rhetoric of the United Mine Workers' chief, whose joyful pastime for years was to smite the enemies of labour hip and thigh. All such legislation, he testified, including the Kennedy anti-corruption bill that the Senate passed a few weeks ago, would serve only to fix 'a cast-iron chastity belt around the waists of 16,000,000 men'. The corresponding measure in the House was '88 pages of misery'. And Jimmy Hoffa, absolute ruler of the Teamsters, was a victim of persecution by a Department of Justice determined to 'send him to the penitentiary without having any crime to fit the cause'.

In a way it was good to hear again, in this flat and aimless time, a trumpeting voice out of the Thirties, but unhappily it now had in it more of the quaint than the heroic. The plain truth is that major segments of trade unionism are painfully short on chastity, to draw on Lewis's figure, and full of abuses that have no more to do with social justice than price-rigging has to do with free enterprise. In fact, much of the corruption is a product of collusion between racketeering unions and fearful or shady industry, recalling the classic warning of that rustic wit Kin Hubbard. 'If capital an' labour ever do git together, it's good night fer th' rest of us'.

Only a week before Lewis opened fire, a parade of unhappy witnesses testified on this score before the Senate's committee on racketeering, which the miners' leader incidentally described as 'the star chamber of the Stuart and Tudor kings, with a touch of the Spanish Inquisition'. Embarrassed officials of the *New York Times* and the New York *Mirror* told of paying some $57,000 between them to union extortionists in order to get their papers delivered during a

Teamsters' strike. A large printer of Sunday supplements swore to having paid out over $300,000 in 14 years to influential gangsters who were in a position to give them a guarantee of 'labour peace'. Even the publisher of the late and very liberal New York *Compass* could assure its distribution only by slipping $10,000 to an ex-convict in return for a trouble-free contract with the Newspaper Deliverers' Union.

Whatever stand the AFL-CIO may shortly take toward the pending legislation, it is worth noting that its top officials refrained from attacking the Kennedy bill during the long Senate debate. They were opposed to the so-called 'Bill of Rights' which Senator McClellan narrowly missed getting into the measure, on the ground that it would encourage disruption, prove impractical to administer, and allow too much government intervention. But most of the measure is a bill of rights as it is, some 47 of its 59 pages being devoted to giving members more control over their unions and assuring them in general of cleaner administration. Far from fighting these provisions, some of labour's most responsible leaders have privately endorsed them, and in its final form the bill was passed in the Senate by a vote of 90 to one.

House conservatives are trying, with the President's blessing, to put through a far tougher bill than the Senate's, and it is probably for that reason that Lewis and a few other labour chiefs have begun to sound off against even the Kennedy bill. By taking an extreme stand against all regulation, the theory seems to be, they may head off something worse than the upper chamber's mild measure of reform.

ROBERT BENDINER

Moscow

The New Gaffer

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Krushchev's speech at Kiev a couple of weeks ago repays careful reading, for in it the Soviet leader allowed his mind to range freely over plans which when fulfilled will change the aspect of the countryside no less than the cities have been changed during the past 30 years. And, as the latest census results tell us, more than half of the population still lives on the land.

Krushchev is not likely to have forgotten that it was from Kiev that, soon after the war, he wrote to *Pravda* advocating the construction of 'Agrogorods', country towns combining some urban features. On that occasion *Pravda* hastened to inform its readers that Comrade Krushchev's article was not an expression of party policy, but was open to discussion. The discussion did not follow. It was not a time for discussion. The narrow circle of men who decided Soviet agricultural policy – Krushchev was not one of them – were not prepared to raise the state's prices for farm products to a level that would have permitted the collective farmers to rebuild their villages. But now times have changed, and not only in the sense that Krushchev is now First Secretary of the Central Committee. As he himself said, a drive in the country nowadays no longer leaves on you the impression that it has just been laid waste by the Golden Horde, with nothing new being built and not even the old being repaired. Houses of brick are being built now. The farmers will undoubtedly want sewage facilities, running water and paved streets soon.

Krushchev would like to see two- and even four-storeyed houses in the Ukranian villages. He would like to see some of the money which collective farmers – some of them, he regretted to see, with an unhealthy kulak-like quality – were salting away in money boxes, being spent by the farms on clubs and boarding schools. The best collective farms were already building these, as well as their own hospitals and homes for the aged. Talking of boarding schools, he said that in the not so distant future all children must go to them, so that they could be properly brought up both mentally and physically and prepared for life in a Communist society. 'We have got to have it so that they are born at the maternity home and at once go to a nursery, then to a kindergarten, and after that to a boarding school.'

Krushchev assured the Ukrainians that the new ways were not going to be forced upon them. 'It is my view that people should not be compelled to do things, there should be no pressure exerted upon them. It is necessary to explain patiently what is better and what is worse. If some people want to go on in the old way, that's their business. . . .'

Krushchev also had some interesting things to say about organisational work on the collective farms. Sentiment must not be allowed to prevent a man who has grown old or incompetent being replaced by younger, more efficient candidates for the post of farm chairman. 'If leaders are no good, if they've reached their ceiling and cannot do more, others should be boldly put forward'; and he promised that the central committee would be very exacting in the future on the work of all responsible bodies and persons. Krushchev took a tilt at the Ministry of Agriculture too. Some of its officials were evidently enamoured of the time when they used to be able to go round the countryside counting up how many weevils this or that collective farm had destroyed on this or that particular day. Even today, said Krushchev, the agricultural agencies were not averse to recording such facts, all the more since they could write in anything they liked, as long as the boss liked it. But the party had long since discarded such methods as useless. The boss, clearly, did not like them.

Fleet Street

The Friends of Mrs Christos

Some time back the Press Council in one of its more emotional moods came to the defence of the popular press against sweeping attacks on it by *The Times* and other representatives of respectability and the Establishment. 'To expose injustices, to right wrongs, to give advice, to befriend the friendless and help the helpless – these,' it declared, 'are among the services which these newspapers are constantly rendering to people who would not otherwise obtain them.' It was a tribute that caused more than one polite printed snigger from the superior. Indeed many even of those who went along with the Press Council in its desire to point out that the mass circulation press has virtues as well as vices could not help but feel that the language was a little high-flown. But the case of Mrs Christos, the widow with four children sent to Holloway for two months for failing to inform the National Assistance Board of her earnings from sewing at home (she has now been released on bail after lodging an appeal against the sentence), suggests that, when it comes to helping the friendless, the Press Council's words had something in them.

It was the *Daily Sketch* and the *Daily Mirror* which first drew attention to her case in a way that set moving all the protests that followed, mobilising not only mass protests of East End dockers and firemen, but the intervention of a bishop and offers of substantial sums of money from many quarters. The *Daily Sketch* – a paper it is for once a pleasure to applaud, since it is possible to do that so rarely – even gave the news of the sentence precedence over the adventures of Miss Able and Miss Baker, the American space monkeys. It devoted the whole of its front page to a '*Sketch* News Editorial : Mercy For This Mother'. On the same day the *Daily Mirror* published a strong editorial: 'The Quality of Mercy'. Both pointed out that the day before sentencing Mrs Christos to two months in prison the same magistrate had considered a fine of £10 adequate for a man found guilty of an indecent assault on a little girl. The *Daily Express* and the *Daily Herald* refrained from comment. But both considered the case worthy of front page stories. The *News Chronicle* reported it – but only on an inside page towards the back of the paper. Neither *The Times* nor the *Daily Telegraph*, however, found it a matter of any public interest whatever. They did not give it a line. Nor, surprisingly, did the *Manchester Guardian*. Nor did the *Daily Mail*.

Again the following day the *Sketch* ('Mercy For a Mother') devoted the main position on its front page to the case. So did the *Mirror* ('Storm Over Gaoled Mum'). Both reported with great prominence a mass petition from London dockers – *Mirror* or *Sketch* readers to a man to judge from their quick response – and published touching pictures of 'The Children Who Wait'. The *Express* had a long leader. So – catching up smartly on its oversight of the previous day – did the *Mail*, although the *Herald* ('The Paper That Cares') considered it worth only a rather small story about the dockers' protest inside the paper. So also, true to form, did the *News Chronicle*. Even the *Daily Telegraph* had by now come to the conclusion that it was a matter about which its readers should be allowed to know. It published a report, 'Dockers Aid Gaoled Mother of Four' at the back of the paper. But *The Times* still did not find it worthy even of a line. Not, in fact, until Dr Stockwood, Canon Collins and several vicars had intervened on Sunday with strong comments and two MPs had announced their intention of raising the matter with the Home Secretary, did *The Times* on Monday, five days after her sentence, admit Mrs Christos to its pages for the first time. And even in such company her case rated less than half a column on an early page.

The *Daily Mirror* and *Sketch*, however, both thought it still worth the best part of a page for the third day running, and the *Express* gave it a half page with a six-column picture of the Christos children – it had been George Christos's birthday on the Sunday. The *Sunday Times* the previous day had shown itself as disinterested as *The Times*. The most it could bring itself to do was to give three paragraphs in an obscure position to the Bishop. Nor did the *Observer* make any com-

PRINTING DISPUTE

The Publisher regrets the inconvenience to readers who receive their* NEW STATESMAN *late this week. Publication schedules are liable to delay owing to a dispute in the printing industry to which the* NEW STATESMAN *is not a party and over which it has no control.

NEXT WEEK

Summer Books Number

ment, although it reported the Bishop somewhat more prominently. The *News of the World*, however, devoted to Mrs Christos the main space on its front page under banner headlines. So did the *Sunday Graphic*. The *Sunday Express* and *Reynolds* both decided to publish leading articles on the subject.

I do not suppose Mrs Christos, her children and friends, or even the dockers, firemen and industrial workers who rallied to her cause ever read the annual reports of the Press Council. But, if they did, they at least might think that for once it had a point when it permitted itself to observe that the friendless may from time to time have occasion to look on the popular press in a light somewhat different from that in which Top People see it.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Lord Reith's Last Word

'CDC has done some good; it could have done a lot more.' That is the Colonial Development Corporation's own judgment of 11 years' work, made in its latest annual report, published this week.

It was launched in high hopes. When Arthur Creech Jones announced its creation in February 1948, not only Labour members of parliament, but all who had colonial economic development at heart felt that we were entering a new era. The over-hasty adoption of ill-prepared schemes in the first three years, a dampening period of writing-off and consolidation – then six years of growing difficulties with Whitehall: these form the theme of its successive annual reports.

The report for the year ended on 31 March is the last we shall have from the pen of Lord Reith. We have come to know the crisp, laconic sentences, many of them in note form without the luxury of verbs or verbiage. It is not only the contrast of the style with the usual tortuous and complacent clichés of White Papers that is refreshing: Lord Reith and his colleagues have never sought to conceal the frustrations they have met at the hands of officialdom. This is why Lord Reith's last report – taken together with those that have gone before – provides a useful signpost to the reforms that are needed, both in procedure and in attitudes, if colonial development is to become a reality.

Under the heading Relations with Government', we read: 'Last report was optimistic in tone; but unfortunately 1958 was not a happy year; many irritations; no capital reconstruction'. Since the 'optimistic' 1957 report had gone so far as to describe the whole basis of financial relations underlying the Corporation's work as a 'financial nonsense', the fact that 1958 was even less happy, suggests that the time is long overdue for a radical review of the basis and the working of colonial development.

CDC evidently consider that such a review should deal with four main issues: government vetting of new projects; the writing-off of past losses; rates of interest; and the requirement in all cases that the Corporation should pay its way and repay its borrowings, taking one year with another.

Far too long is required to get new projects approved. Indeed, 132 new schemes have been before the Corporation in the last two years: against ten new projects started in 1957, only five were begun last year. There is obviously a fundamental disagreement about the interpretation of the Act. Parliament clearly meant the Corporation to be independent; and by insisting that it should balance its accounts taking one year with another, as well as giving the government a (so far, unused) power to issue general directions, it showed that it did not intend that there should be fussy interference and bureaucratic delays in the approval of individual schemes.

Since 1956, the report says, the Colonial Office has caused 'great difficulty and embarrassment by successive objections', in one case raising a totally new objection at the last minute. To counter this the Corporation has sought preliminary policy clearance in advance. Clearly the iron entered into Whitehall's soul as a result of some of the uneconomic projects entered into in the Corporation's early years, but since then the Corporation has become, as is fairly claimed,

> organised, disciplined, confident, and, as its work grey, official encroachments on matters which CDC maintains to be within its responsibility and competence have become increasingly annoying and difficult to understand.

Where intricate negotiations have to be conducted with outside interests, Whitehall's insistence on interfering varies from being a fifth wheel on the coach to a spanner in the works. Thus

> The emphasis seems to be heavier on the negative of doing nothing than on the positive of encouraging development.

Whitehall's typical forms of objection are listed:

> . . . not expedient that a project – though certainly intra vires – should be done, because 'CDC is doing too much itself', 'is lending too much money to better qualified folk', 'is financing too much housing', or that a colony is 'too near independence' (though maybe a year away) . . . that a loan to a public utility is 'finance-house stuff', that the project – or extra expenditure – is not financed by the financial return.

If the Corporation is right, it would seem that under Mr Lennox-Boyd the attitude of the Colonial Office to much-needed development has grown cooler – and there is more than a hint that part of the interference is designed to protect the interests of the City in some of the more profitable and less risky projects. Parliament intended that CDC should be free to do its work subject to only the broadest general direction. The government have appointed directors in whom ministers should have every confidence. The Corporation should now be left to get on with its job.

The second point at issue is the long overdue reorganisation of the Corporation's capital structure. CDC is still carrying in its Special Losses Account a debt burden of £8 millions in respect of pre-1951 ventures written off in that year. Until that is written off by the government as well, CDC, as the report complains, 'is faced with having to burden continuing projects with charges needed to repay money used for something else'. Most colonial development projects are speculative enough without having to bear loan charges of past and unsuccessful ventures. Any new *concordat* between government and CDC should provide for this dead weight of pre-1951 debt to be cancelled. It is to be hoped that the special review of the Corporation's capital structure now being undertaken by Lord Sinclair of Cleeve will lead to a speedy write-off.

On interest rates, too, CDC has ground for complaint. Despite a fall in Bank rate to four per cent., and in the government's own borrowing rate on Treasury bills to 3.3 per cent., CDC is still having to pay 5½ per cent. Most worthwhile colonial developments are frankly unable to bear such a burden. Even under a Conservative government, the CDC rate should not exceed the rate at which the government itself can borrow by more than a fractional margin to cover servicing.

A great deal of thought has been given to the financing of colonial development under a Labour government, and two ideas are strongly favoured. First, where CDC borrows for a given project, and enters into commitments with its trading partners, the loan then fixed should run for the life of the project, and not be subject to short-run movements in Bank rate. Secondly, in *Plan For Progress*, we have suggested that, while we do not reject the monetary weapon for influencing borrowing in the private sector, a two-tier interest-rate structure should be developed; the higher rate should govern purely commercial operations, the lower rate – geared to the government's power to borrow, including direct borrowing from the banks – being applied to such essential purposes as local authority housing and colonial development.

Finally, there is the whole question of the basis on which development should be financed. A year ago the Corporation reported that:

> the financing of overseas risk-bearing projects solely by repayable loan capital is woefully unsound; most CDC financial problems which hamper current, and will increasingly hamper future operations, derive from this feature of its capital structure; it is in effect and in fact a financial nonsense.

The same argument is repeated this year, and the Corporation call for a substantial proportion of its resources to be turned into equity capital.

The plain fact is that colonial development cannot be run on the basis of what the Americans call 'bankable' propositions. (Indeed, TVA itself was never bankable, though when forced through on non-bankable lines it brought life to a vast region and created thousands of new and commercially viable projects.) That is why years ago many of us suggested that CDC should be given a margin of, say, 15 per cent. of its resources in the shape of welfare or non-returnable grants – there are many economic projects which could be made to pay, given a parallel expenditure on the 'social overheads' or on such services as roads, bridges or harbour installations. It may be that, as James Griffiths once suggested, CDC and the Colonial Development and Welfare Scheme should be merged; or, as CDC now suggests, part of the government investment in CDC should be on an equity basis. In any event, we may be sure that if colonial development is restricted to the obviously viable schemes – mainly those which by definition could be financed by men of imagination in the City – the primary purpose of the CDC, the need to raise living standards in the colonial territories, cannot be achieved.

The Labour Party is committed to raising Britain's contribution to the war on world poverty to one per cent. of the national income; and Barbara Castle, speaking on behalf of the party in the Commons debate of 2 March, rightly emphasised that this total must be taken to exclude privately arranged movements of City capital, such as that which goes for financing property developments in Southern Rhodesia. One of our principal chosen instruments will be CDC, but it will have to be a CDC whose financial relations with the government are based more and more on the needs of the areas it serves, and less on outmoded doctrines of prior charge repayable loans.

HAROLD WILSON

◀ *MODERN WEAPONS are now in adequate supply for the ALN. This German 20mm dual-purpose anti-aircraft and anti-tank cannon is the heaviest weapon at present in use by the rebels. It is not known how many they possess, though our photographer saw six in the front he visited: he also saw equipment removed from French military aircraft knocked out by these guns. The 20mm cannons are purchased in West Germany, as are drugs and other supplies used by the ALN Medical Corps. Recent assassinations in West Germany, perpetrated by a French gang, the Red Hand, have been attempts to stop this flow of supplies.*

French political strategy in Algeria is based on the assumption that the military arm of the Algerian nationalists can be mastered. In reality, a military stalemate has been reached, in which neither side can destroy or dislodge the other. These exclusive photographs, taken by a young American who recently spent five months with the National Liberation Army (ALN), illustrate the extent to which the Algerians are now a well-equipped and disciplined fighting-force

WHY ONLY PEACE-TALKS CAN END

BATTALION ON THE MARCH is shown in this picture taken near the Tunisian frontier. Our photographer describes the discipline and drill of the ALN as vastly improved since his last visit in 1956-7. The Algerian forces are not, however, parade-ground soldiers, and this type of marching is strictly limited, even at the 'Ecole de Cadre', which specialises in the guerilla tactics used by the ALN against the vastly superior French forces. Against an overall French strength of 550,000, the ALN now musters just over 100,000, of whom 10-15,000 are under training in Tunisia. As with the French forces, only about one-tenth of these troops are in action at any one time.

◀ *SMALL ARMS TRAINING is conducted on modern Commando lines. Here is a Zone Commander (equivalent to a Lieutenant Colonel) of Willaya One (the Army Group in the Aurès-Nemencha Mountains) with one of his platoons in the 'zone interdit' between the Morice Line and the Tunisian frontier. These men are a highly-disciplined unit, specially adapted to hit-and-run guerilla warfare, armed with small arms and light automatic weapons. The Commander carries a captured French MAS automatic rifle. The men are equipped either with captured French rifles, or British Lee-Enfield rifles left behind in Egypt at the time of Suez and subsequently shipped to the ALN. The Bren machine-guns are also British. The ALN possesses very large quantities of Brens, some dating from World War II, others recent models. Ammunition (bought and captured) is today in plentiful supply.*

THE ALGERIAN WAR

Photographs by HERB GREER

© Herb Greer 1959

▲ *BANGALORE TORPEDO used by ALN forces to break through the electrified barrier, known as the Morice Line, erected by the French west of the Tunisian frontier. The metal torpedoes, which these ALN soldiers are assembling, are of Czech manufacture. The plastic kind, on the ground behind them are, they claim, British. Some of the heaviest fighting takes place in the region of the Morice Line. Our photographer saw a recent engagement involving an ALN Company (120 men) and four French battalions, supported by 50 tanks, artillery and rocket-carrying fighters. During a 12-hour battle—claimed by French communiqués as a major victory—the ALN lost 4 killed, 5 wounded, 10 missing. French losses were heavier.*

WRECKED MORICE LINE is shown in this photo after a successful attack by Bangalore torpedoes. In the foreground is some of the chicken-wire netting which makes up the second layer of the line. The first layer is barbed wire. The post which the soldier is touching was part of the electrified alarm-system, which forms the third layer. Note the white insulator below the soldier's elbow. Between the insulator and the soldier's hand can be seen the insulated clippers which are used to cut through the wire. The Line hinders, does not prevent, ALN movements.

Berlin Diary

I SUPPOSE a good many people who know Berlin only from sensational press reports must imagine that the Iron Curtain is some physical barrier that runs between East and West. Of course, this is an illusion. No one denies passage to those who walk or drive through the Brandenburg gate, and every day the police and other civic authorities of the two sectors meet to settle their technical affairs quite amicably. In fact, for very many purposes, the East is 'recognised' – as it must be. The people of West Berlin cannot live 150 miles inside another country without a working agreement with its government – especially when historically and linguistically they are the same people as those who surround them. Willy Brandt – able, charming and, in private talk, unusually frank and thoughtful – had no doubt about this. None of those I talked with imagined a world war possible merely because the Russians walked down to the other end of the street (it would mean little more) and left it to the East Germans to control the entry of allied lorries at Helmstadt, or to supervise aircraft coming into Berlin. Talk of 'going through' with tanks is poppycock; the Germans have only to blow up a bridge to stop anything going through. If Krushchev wishes he can enforce *de facto* recognition and get away with it. But there are legal and perhaps practical consequences of this which might be turned to good account.

* * *

In Berlin I have heard more realistic and precise discussion about the question of 'access' than any I have seen in the western press. In 1949, after the air lift, I learn, the powers jointly agreed to improve the conditions for traffic to Berlin. This agreement could now be taken up again. It should be possible to draw up documents defining the rights of access, signed by the East Germans as well as the Russians and the West. Just before his final illness Mr Dulles invented a legal formula which would in effect recognise the German administration of 'agents of the USSR' without surrendering any of the legal rights of the allies. The formula of 'identification without control' would admit the right of the East Germans to demand that the allied convoys should identify themselves while not conferring on Pankow the right to exercise control over them. Berliners, I am sure, will not complain of some such device as long as the 'western character' of West Berlin is maintained. That means that its western currency and its economic ties with Bonn will remain. On these essentials all West Berliners will back Willy Brandt, whose victory at the last election showed that many Christian Democrats voted for him as a sign of solidarity. Nor does the so-called Left of the Social Democrats (which seems to quarrel with him for reasons of personal rivalry) hold any different view on the essentials of West Berlin's independence. I asked about proposals for a United Nations settlement. I got the clear answer that a mixed group of, say, Mexican, Indian and Swedish troops would be no substitute for the present contingents of the three western powers. Their commanders would not be sufficiently familiar with the situation and they would have to consult the UN before knowing what to do in an emergency. If, of course, Mr Hammarskjold can assist western forces by sending UN observers or inspectors – his phrase is to provide 'a UN presence' – then that would be a welcome addition to security.

* * *

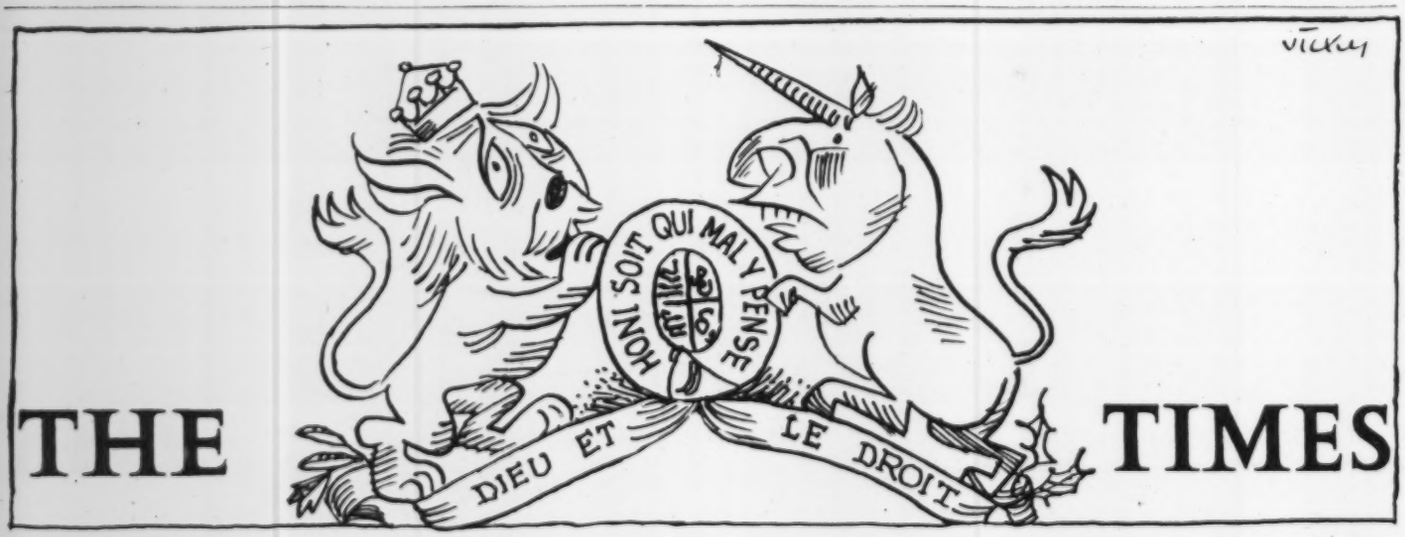
The realities, as opposed to the formalities, were made very clear to me in the last few days. I spoke for the Deutsch-Englische Gesellschaft on 'The Cold War in Asia' because I thought Berliners would be tired of English people lecturing them about their own affairs. But the first question I was asked showed that some at least of the intellectual and highly educated audience could not think beyond Berlin. It is with difficulty that one recalls that above half the inhabitants of West Berlin today have never been outside their German homes and that, of the younger generation, most have never seen any territory beyond it. When I talked of Matsu and Quemoy, said my questioner, Germans must, of course, think of Berlin; if the Americans gave an inch would not the Communists take an ell . . . Had not one to guard against *any* concessions? Not, of course, that he thought we should make a world war about *de facto* recognition of East Germany . . . and so on. One professor of wide and liberal mind put it to me more clearly: perhaps *de facto* recognition cannot be avoided, but *de jure* recognition or anything that leads to it would be a disaster. He and his wife found their chief concern now in giving economic, physical and moral aid to East Berliners: those whom they befriend would regard any change that made a final division between the two Berlins as a sentence to a life of servitude and a tragic betrayal of the ties of common nationhood and humanity.

* * *

Several returning travellers have told me recently that the Russians have greatly improved life throughout the East Zone and that they are likely to make the East Sector of Berlin a shop window. I find a more complex situation. Production and, to some degree, living standards have improved in the whole zone in the last three years and, statistics will probably soon show further advances. But talking to a German journalist who specialises in the economics of East Germany, I learnt that East Berlin – and, during the Fair, Leipzig as well – is already far better provided than the rest of the zone, and that, though production may improve rapidly if raw materials are available, the shortages of consumer goods are likely to continue. Even if Moscow wished to fill the shops with good things for political reasons, it would be prevented by the overall plans made for progress in the Soviet satellites as a whole. Certainly, I could see little improvement in East Berlin since my last visit. It has the feeling of a half-dead city. The war is still in everyone's face. Women trudge about among the still black and oppressive ruins with heavily loaded bags, and tired, watchful faces; there is little public transport. Only Stalinallee, with its 5,000 smart flats for the privileged, can in any way compete with modern housing in West Berlin or of any western city. Even the new buildings look as if there was no paint to spare. There is clearly a shortage of most of the amenities of life. Everything is sacrificed to heavy industry. It all still looks very much like the East End of London the day after a night of blitz.

* * *

Until one gets near the edge of the zone, almost out of the Berlin sector, there is little that is green and there is nothing that is gay or beautiful. It is no doubt true that a small percentage of young people who have been well taught at school are willing supporters of the regime. But the Russians will try no experiment of free elections here. One would not dare to make any political inquiry of most people – certainly not from the woman who serves you with beer in a small pub after you produce your passport (if you are foreign) or your identification pass (if you are a Berliner). You can buy nothing, even from a shop next door, without showing your pass. You argue, if you are an East Berliner, that you had better keep any grouses to yourself, because the woman who keeps the shop knows who you are and must reply if she is questioned. To all this it must be added that if men are ruled by bread and circuses, the arts of government – and the highest arts of government – are not at all neglected. Bread, or at least all that it connotes, is in short supply, even if no one actually goes



Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

NO. 4 HOW TO SPEAK OUT OF DOORS

Sometimes you have to, without being really suited to it. Once a year Mr. Pinder gives away the prizes at the Rollo Road Lawn Tennis Tournament. He has been rehearsing the speech, privately, for ten days. He has even come home before the rush so as to get an empty railway carriage where he could practise *throwing* his voice, the pleasing tenor quality of which makes up for a certain deficiency in power.

It is July, but on Finals Day a strong breeze is blowing Mr. Pinder's voice sideways, and the sisters and fiancees and the groundsman's family will not stand quite close enough. Mr. Pinder is heard but only partially.

". . . once again turning up like a BAD PENNY . . . *STELLA LUNT'S GOT MY BAT (this was the Fosdick boy)* . . . whose absence we must all deeply regret . . . We are all glad that Mr. & Mrs. E.G. *(bark from Mrs. Lunt's poodle)* once more entered the lists CHAMPLE CHAMPLE *(tea tray crashes)* . . . above all not forget to thank Mrs. FOSDICK for so admirably looking after the Inner Man carumb, CARUMB, CARUMB *(exuberant rattle over the points of the 6.18 from Crystal Palace along the embankment at the back of the tennis courts. At this point it is thought better to switch on the microphone, whereupon every word makes a sound but all words sound alike).* BLARBER BLARBER BLARBER."

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

without. But the circuses, in the form of excellent entertainment, are abundant. Opera in West Berlin has, I am told, caught up with opera in East Berlin, but no one denies that both are superb. So is the theatre. But I wish that East Berlin could have, even in the cellars beneath its still mountainous ruins, the counterparts of the famous political cabarets that still flourish in West Berlin.

* * *

The most instructive conversation I had in the East Sector was with one of the survivors of private enterprise. Big industry is all state owned; some small family businesses, however, have been permitted to continue. In this case the mother owns the business and her sons are technically her employees, receiving by law no more than a fixed maximum wage. Her books are carefully examined by officials and all the profits above a given level are taken by the tax collector. If she were to make a large profit during the year and spend it on improving her plant or extending her business, she would be bankrupted next year by a tax demand for the amount she had spent on improvement. She cannot sell out or include her sons as owners: if she does go bankrupt, the state simply takes the firm. Such a system is not meant to work for long. It is merely a step towards complete state ownership. Yet the family seemed to me to be living, in its modest way, not unhappily. They all had a feeling of independence.

* * *

As I came away from this half world I was asked whether I was still a Socialist. I said I saw no reason to change my opinion or to doubt that the world today must become Socialist. All that I ask is for the Socialist leaders of the world to be as good as their word. If only Mao would really let 100 flowers bloom and Krushchev stick to his promise to let every country find its own road to Socialism in its own way!

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Play croquet and enjoy it, but do not teach it to children. Let them cut their teeth on football and cricket, or other gentlemanly games, and when they have proved themselves good losers introduce them to croquet, so they can learn to fend for themselves in the cut and thrust of life.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (F. T. Cleaver.)

I am 22, and had no plans for my holiday. So I answered an advert. to take a seat in a private car travelling to Venice by easy stages in July. I naturally assumed the owners would be a married couple. Now I find they are two young men from Cambridge who are hoping to whoop it up on the Lido. Is it all right to go?—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (J. Griffiths.)

In future Sale council are to deduct £2 off the bill sent to motorists for knocking down old lamp standards. Motorists protested that no allowance was made for the fact that the iron lamp posts were replaced by better modern concrete standards.—*Manchester Evening News*. (M. Fedorski.)

How can I be an intellectual? I am 26, and live a painfully ordinary life with a suburban background and a secretarial job in the City office. But I am fond of reading and long to meet people like Cyril Connolly. How does one ever get into the charmed circle of clever people?—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (H. Teff.)

Trading with Russia

WHEN Harold Macmillan was in Moscow, one of the Soviet ministers said to him: 'As far as I'm concerned, the most notable difference between a Labour and a Conservative government in Britain is that, when there was a Labour government, they sent their President of the Board of Trade to Moscow, and he made a trade agreement with us and worked hard to make a success of it; but with a Conservative government this hasn't happened'.

In an election year Macmillan wasn't slow to take the hint. A trade agreement with the Soviet Union would show something concrete arising from his Moscow visit, which would be an addition to any successes achieved by Geneva-plus-the-Summit or which, at worst, would provide some compensation if Geneva deadlocked or failed. It would be popular with that increasing sector of our electorate who are sick of the Cold War and want to see better relations between East and West. It would be welcomed by those industrialists who could hope that Soviet orders might fill out their thinning order-books. For the same reason it would gratify the workers in some industries and firms which are suffering from, or are threatened by, redundancy.

On the other hand, Macmillan was anxious not to give a handle to those increasingly vocal American critics of his less-tough-with-Russia policy who were already describing Great Britain as the soft underbelly of the Atlantic alliance. He doubtless recalled that, while Mikoyan had received a surprisingly cordial reception in some business circles during his trip to the US, government officials had remained aloof, uncompromising and unforthcoming.

The need to reconcile these two conflicting motivations accounts for the strange and schizophrenic way in which the government made public the purpose of the Eccles mission and the limitations within which it would negotiate. On 9 April, when the President of the Board of Trade spoke in the Budget debate, he was still in the middle of preliminary negotiations with the Soviet Ambassador on the arrangements for his Moscow trip; but he spatchcocked into his speech a curious and cautious passage on Anglo-Russian trade. In it he said nothing definite about what would be included in the agenda of the Moscow talks, but explicitly he named two items which he excluded in advance, viz: (i) any arrangements for credit beyond the normal services of the Export Credits Guarantee Department; and (ii) any purchase by Great Britain of Soviet oil.

This was, to say the least, a somewhat unusual form of announcement – something like a concert programme which lists only those items which the orchestra is not going to play. But it becomes comprehensible when one realises that it was an announcement directed specifically at the American audience. Sir David's purpose, in this speech, was not to give information to Britain but to allay fears in the United States. Later, on 21 April, Eccles struck a third possible item off the agenda by stating bluntly that the strategic list would not be under discussion during his mission to Moscow. It would have been proper and comprehensible if he had said that he could make no amendment of the strategic list during his Moscow talks, since any such amendment would require the consent of our Cocom partners; but to go much further and say that the list could not even be discussed was again a gesture of reassurance directed westwards across the Atlantic.

The Russians are much too shrewd and perspicacious not to have understood the import of this split-mind attitude of the British government. In a two-hour talk which I had with Mikoyan in Moscow last week, only a couple of days after the trade agreemnt was signed, he spent a lot of time telling me about the conversations he had had with Douglas Dillon, Deputy Under-secretary of State for Economic Affairs, during his American trip. I caught the inference, I think not unfairly, that during the Anglo-Russian trade talks he had sometimes thought that the voice was the voice of Eccles but the words were the words of Dillon. Certainly he must have felt that Eccles's decision not to extend the existing credit provisions was an echo of Dillon's flat statement that to give credit to the USSR would be merely to assist the onward march of Communism.

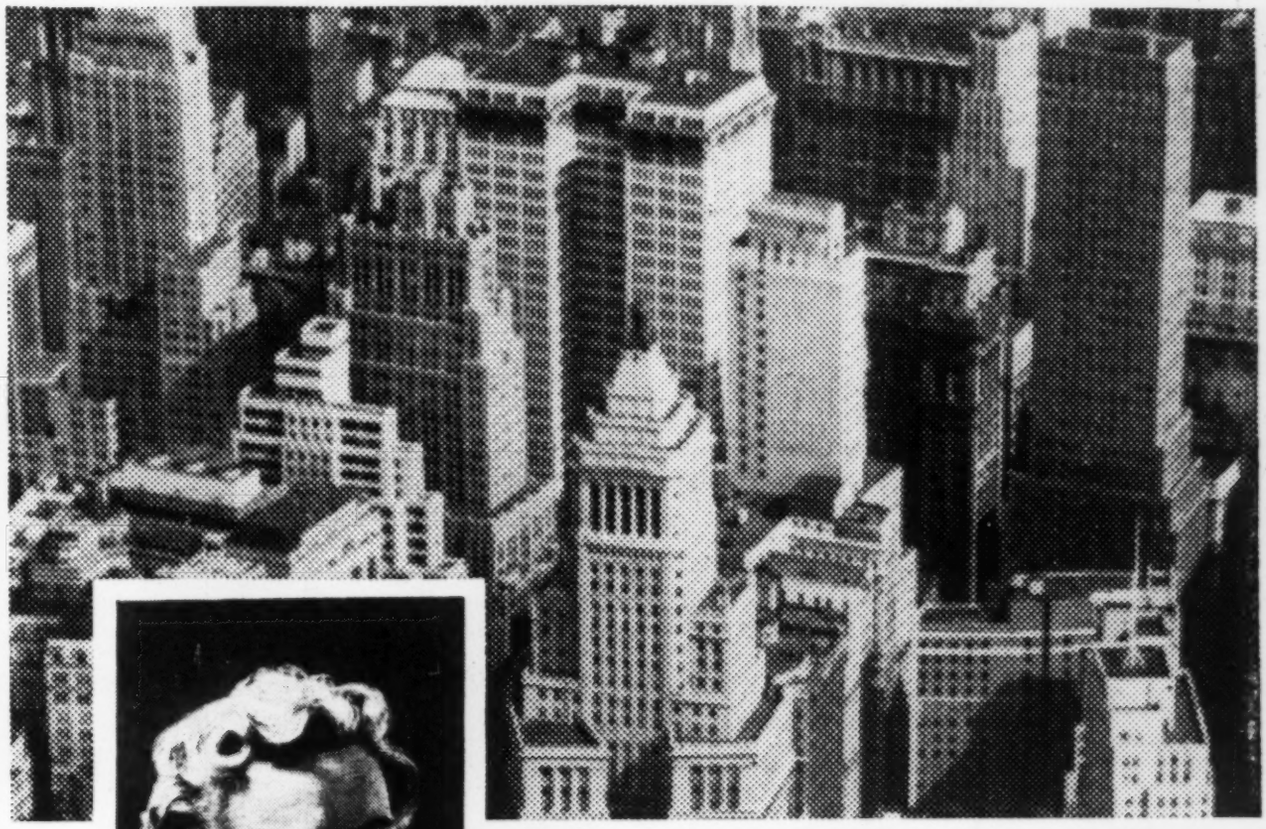
Still it would be a mistake to imagine that the Russians feel really sore about these restrictions on, and omissions from, the trade agreement. Their attitude is that the defects of the agreement are as much our loss as theirs – perhaps more. Their pride in their economic and technical achievements of the last few years, and their excitement over the manifest promise of their current Seven Year Plan, give them a feeling of relaxed independence and even of confident superiority. They want trade agreements with everybody, but they are not suppliants. If any country, e.g. the United States, isn't yet ready to do business with them they're quite willing to wait, confident that sooner or later the other chap will come knocking at their door.

So far as our own three restrictions are concerned their attitude is the following: (i) if we don't want to extend credits, that's our loss because our exports to them will be that much lower; (ii) on the strategic list, they point proudly and gleefully to their ability to make for themselves, and indeed to export, an increasing number of the items that the West refuses to sell them; and (iii) their interest in exporting oil is a matter for the future rather than for the present. In short, they are not at all perturbed by the fact that the trade agreement contains little that is concrete, and that it is a statement of goodwill and good intentions rather than a practical and effective mechanism for ensuring a greater volume of trade.

The cold, hard fact is that it is impossible for a British Conservative government, or any other *laisser-faire* government, to enter into an agreement which can assure a defined volume of trade, because it cannot guarantee that importers, who are free to choose their sources of supply, will buy from any country the quantity of imports laid down in the agreement with that country. Eccles showed his recognition of this fact when he included in his mission, as advisers, representative of the coarse grain and timber importers; but, unless their advice includes the establishment of import controls – as manifestly it did not – the problem is bound to remain unsolved.

A notable, if small-scale, example of this difficulty is provided by the inclusion in the agreement of an import to Britain of Soviet motor-cars. Russian cars are designed for tougher roads and lower-grade fuels than ours, and it will cost them quite a lot in capital outlay, spread over a comparatively small volume, to make alterations in the compression ratios and weights of their export models, as well as the change to right-hand drive for the British market. But how can the British government guarantee that, when they have done all this, any competent car distributor, with nation-wide sales and service facilities, will undertake the marketing of Soviet cars against all the competition that already exists in our motor-car market?

AMERICAN SCENE SETTER



JOYCE EGGINTON doesn't look like a journalist, at least, not like the fast-talking, hard-bitten news-gatherer of popular fancy. Yet her razor-sharp reporting has already made a big impression on that notoriously sceptical world—and in America at that.

In her childhood she dreamed of a career as a painter, but by her 'teens she had decided that her real talent was for writing. At 17 she was sending in on-the-spot reports from Sir Winston's constituency in the 1945 election. Later, after working for a spell on a woman's magazine, she decided that the hothouse atmosphere of fashion and beauty was not for her. So she made tracks for Fleet Street and a staff job on the News Chronicle, where her work was very soon recognised and appreciated.

She was given a chance to cover every sort of assignment, from the frivolity of beauty contests to the stark tragedy of the East Coast flood disaster of 1953. She found herself travelling—to Russia with the first party of students since the war (which provided material for an exciting first book), and to the West Indies on a royal tour. This roused her interest in the problem of Jamaican immigrants in Britain, and a period of research led to the publication of her second book, "They Seek A Living".

Then came a new assignment, a bit frightening, maybe, but immensely challenging—her present job as News Chronicle Correspondent in New York. Here, she feels, is the world's biggest melting-pot, the dynamic heart of Western civilisation. She believes that though America cannot always provide the best solution to the problems that face us, at least they will be freely discussed there. That is what makes her job so absorbing and so stimulating.

She finds inspiration and encouragement in every facet of American life, and her weekly column, "American Scene", has a perceptiveness that reaches out far beyond the canyons of New York into the inexhaustible richness of American life.

At 32, she is one of the most respected British correspondents in America today and her work has recently been singled out for special mention by TIME magazine in a survey of American journalism. Her ambitions? To go on improving her writing, and to travel some more, particularly in Soviet Asia.

A newspaper is as good as the people who write for it **News Chronicle**

All this does not mean that this agreement is without practical value. Defective as it is, it will undoubtedly result in some welcome increase in trade. For three reasons. First, any trade agreement always opens up new ground by inducing some of our firms which have never done business with the country concerned to investigate its possibilities as a market or a source of supply. Secondly, the new quota provisions represent a small but valuable gain. And thirdly, I have no doubt that the Board of Trade will now drop a *sotto voce* reminder to the Export Credits Guarantee Department, out of earshot of the Americans, that the Soviet Union has always been a first-class credit risk and that some extension of facilities and easement of conditions can be justified on purely commercial grounds.

The clearest impression which I have derived from my study of the agreement and my talks in Moscow with Mikoyan and others (including the chiefs of some of the Soviet trading corporations) is that the coming to power of a Labour government in Great Britain, and only that, will provide the opportunity for a really substantial increase in Anglo-Russian trade. For one thing, the reimposition of some import controls would enable us to match the Russians in guaranteeing performance. Secondly, the Labour Party has already committed itself to improvements in government support for export credits. Thirdly, our spokesmen have repeatedly called for a further pruning of the embargo list. And finally, looking some years ahead, we might conceivably use the state's controlling interest in British Petroleum and its distribution chain to widen our sources of supply of oil.

There are great opportunities in Anglo-Soviet trade; but it will take something more than the present agreement, and something different from our present *laisser-faire*, to bring the harvest home.

IAN MIKARDO

Trouble in Sicily

THIS year's best seller in Italy is a Sicilian novel, *Il Gattopardo* (The Wildcat), by Prince Guiseppe Tomasi of Lampedusa. The hero, the Prince of Salina, is asked to become a Senator of the new Italian kingdom after the unification of Italy, and replies: 'We Sicilians are old, very old. For 25 centuries we have carried on our shoulders the weight of magnificent, heterogeneous civilisations, all imposed from outside. . . . We are as white as you are, as white as the Queen of England, yet for 2,500 years we have been a colony'.

Today the word colony is on every Sicilian's lips. At the seat of the regional government in Palermo, I was received by leading members of Signor Milazzo's 'Social Christian' party. The Sicilian 'rebellion', the formation of a new Catholic party for the first time in Italy, and of the Milazzo government, is something that goes much deeper than an internal party quarrel. The Christian Democrat Party in Rome had shown no respect for the autonomous status of the island. Had it not been an act of 'colonialism' to try to impose a president on the Sicilian assembly without the consent of the Sicilian parliament? It is untrue, however, to describe the Milazzo government as separatist, for no sane person in Palermo entertains the idea of separating Sicily from Italy. But Milazzo and his political allies do intend to separate Sicily from the policy of the Roman Christian Democrats who, they consider, are under the influence of the big Italian monopolists, and who wish to exploit Sicilian resources for their own private ends.

The elections of 7 June, for the Sicilian regional parliament, will be the decisive moment in the 'battle for Sicily'. A headline in *L'Ora di Palermo* reads 'Sicily is rich but the Sicilians are poor', and this, fundamentally, is the slogan on which Milazzo is fighting the elections. It seems almost inevitable that Milazzo will increase his number of Social-Christian deputies, that there will be further defections from the Christian Democrats, and that another Milazzo government will be formed, with the support of the Communists (who control 30 per cent. of Sicilian votes) and the Socialists, both of whom are also expected to improve their position. This will be in spite of the Holy Office's threat to excommunicate those who vote for the 'Communists and their allies'. The truth is that almost half of Sicily's score of bishops are in favour of Milazzo.

The fundamental conflict is over the industrialisation of Sicily. By now it is almost an inviolable Italian tradition for industry to be the prerogative of the north, while the south remains agriculturally depressed, even feudal. The average income of the Sicilian is £60. In order to bring the number of Sicilian employed up to the average national figure it would be necessary to create 600,000 new jobs in Sicily. Side by side with the new industries and the oil refineries constructed by the northern industrialists, beneath the eyes of the helpless Sicilians, there are still scenes of Middle East squalor. The men still travel 20 miles by mule to reach their thankless fields, infantile mortality is the highest in Europe. Over the entrance to a quarter of Palermo known as the '*pozzo della morte*' (the well of death) are written the words: 'You have heard of Siberia? Come and look at us'. In Palermo 150,000 people live on their wits, from day to day; a typical meal is a boiled artichoke and one boiled potato. In a town near Syracuse people were buying water in Greek vases at 20 lire (3d) a time. Hens, pigs, mules and goats tumble about the unasphalted, earth streets of Gela, Modica and Ragusa, yet the northern monopolists have built at Ragusa an enormous asphalt factory. Outside the house of Danilo Dolci in Partinico the barefoot children scream to the four winds that all their fathers are in prison. At Augusta, the Nato naval base, not far from the rich petroleum fields and the new chemical factories of the Montecatini, the children leave school at the age of nine to beg in the streets. The US sailors are no longer allowed to land there: it is undignified for them to be besieged by the hungry children of Sicily.

The chief motive behind the formation of the Milazzo government is the conflict between the Sicilian industrialists, who solidly support Milazzo, and the Confindustria, the monopolistic association of the north that has a stranglehold on the entire Italian economy. These monopolists wish to industrialise Sicily on a colonial basis. Signor La Cavera, leader of the Sicilian industrialists, told me: 'We do not want this to be a land where the sheikhs drive about in golden Cadillacs while the people die of hunger'. The monopolists insist that state intervention in Sicily should be limited to the field of public works. The Sicilian industrialists maintain that the Italian state should participate in the creation of Sicilian industries (steel-works, chemical factories, etc.), in order to raise immediately the standard of living of the Sicilian people. They maintain that Sicily's subterranean wealth, of recent discovery, should be transformed into surface wealth; i.e., that the petrol and the deposits of potassium salts should become the raw materials of local Sicilian industries and not taken away from the island. At Ragusa I saw the pumps of the Gulf Oil Company extracting the petrol from the ground and piping it straight to the ships. The pumps worked by themselves, there was not a Sicilian in sight, and the scene was a grim symbol of what big capital is doing in Sicily.

The Sicilian industrialists are also fighting to free themselves from the clutches of the Italian electricity monopoly which charges fantastic prices for its energy. The baron whose land has been expropriated has now become a small capitalist trying to compete against the monopolists. In short, the Sicilian industrialists are in favour of a state capitalism, which allows freedom for small and medium industries: an explosive formula in a country whose economy is increasingly controlled by monopolies.

The ideological line-up behind Milazzo is something new in Italy and in Europe. There is an agreement between the Sicilian capitalists and the Sicilian Communists by which industrial agitation has ceased. Anti-Communism has been abandoned by the Sicilian industrial class. Macaluso, the Sicilian Communist leader, maintains that the most important task of Marxists in Sicily today is to support the local capitalists in their fight against the monopolies. Without this basis the conditions for the creation of a new Catholic party, and for the Milazzo government itself, would never have matured. This may well prove to be an indication for the Italy of the future.

BRUCE RENTON

Palermo

Persona Granta

JUNE is here, and May week is approaching. The willows are in full grief by Clare Bridge and the Cam is doing its very best to live up to its references in the Oxford Book of Verse. The boatmen are beginning to cash-in and there is a definite feeling of anti-climax at Great St Mary's now that the Reverend Mervyn Stockwood has gone into gaiters. The bookshops are hushed and dedicated as people filch pleasure from books they cannot afford to buy, and old gentlemen put their names down for *Lolita*, and young gentlemen put *theirs* down for the poems of John Keats and sometimes Christopher Logue. The sun shines, the Americans snap, snap, snap away, their Leicas gorging on the sights, and very terrible coffee accompanies truly delightful conversations. And Mr Forster passes.

'All's right with this world,' I said to Jane.

'Yes,' said Jane complacently, for it was her world, 'but what worries me is the fact of their having been allowed here for over 80 years and that they still haven't made the least impression. Cambridge is a man's place. You've no idea of the condescension we get from some of those cross emeritus misogynists in the men's colleges; it might be ladies' night at the Freemasons'. Why, we weren't even admitted to full membership of the university until 1947 – and Girton is contemporary with Disraeli's later foreign policy. It is humiliating.'

'I am going to Girton tomorrow,' I said. 'I have to interview some girls who are reading for the Natural Sciences Tripos. And today I am having tea at Newnham, where there is sure to

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be Fuller's cake. The girls there are going to tell me about Miss Clough and perhaps about Mrs Sidgwick.'

'It all really boils down to architecture,' said Jane. 'Haven't you noticed how nearly everything does in the long run? Buildings are such didactic things and even the very worst of them seems to insist upon laying down some kind of law, though they are always laws for men, and in Cambridge there are some very glorious and splendid architectural laws. . .'

'What you are trying to say,' I interrupted – for Jane is much too clever to be allowed to tell one things for several sentences at a stretch, and it means thinking very hard when she insists upon doing so – 'is that women at Cambridge need, not only a room of their own, but a King's College Chapel of their own as well. Though without quite so much soaring ecstasy and thrust, for those are decidedly masculine things.'

Jane thought that was more or less what she did mean, though when it came to thrust, there was plenty of that to be found in the architecture of Girton, although she wondered about the ecstasy, and so did most people. But what could one expect, she added, for a man had built it, a Mr Waterhouse. And that was the pity, for having at last got themselves there, women should have insisted upon creating their own Cambridge. If they had done that the room of their own would not now look like a waiting-room. Ravishing donnish Trianons should have sprung up in glades by the river; delicate, elegant, airy towers should have captured Parker's Piece. Such provokingly feminine colleges might have been the diploma work of lady architects, though who had ever heard of these? It was too late now, said Jane. 'Wait until you see Girton,' she said. Then she went into a bookshop to steal some more information out of a book she couldn't afford to buy, and I went to Newnham to have my tea, running gently because I was late.

Newnham College is in Sidgwick Avenue, which is the kind of road which usually leads to a confirmation class when you are 14, all suppressed shrubs and shut gates. I was very anxious to get inside Newnham, which is by Basil Champneys and reckoned rather 'good'. I entered by the Pfeiffer Gate, which could not be called beautiful, although it, too, was reckoned 'good'. But when I saw the entire garden front I couldn't help wondering if Jane had ever been there, for it was about the most girlish thing you could do with bricks and really tremendously pretty. You must imagine a marriage between a Delft palace and a Norman Shaw terrace. It went on and on, warm red walls with endless frozen streaks of blossom-white woodwork. Wistaria clung to the walls in scrabbled hanks, and a young gardener furtively popped groundsel into a basket-barrow when he thought no one was looking. The sky was a burning blue and the undergraduates were flounced out all over the grass. Newnham wasn't a triumph, but it also wasn't a super girls' school or a men's college with frills. It was Meredithian, an imaginative attempt to provide bed and board for Aminta. And a degree, of course.

It wasn't St Pancras Railway Station with a rose behind its ear, which is what Girton is. And there is something unpleasing about the distance Girton is from the rest of the university, a nunnish undertone which should not be present. It is prodigiously cloistered and at first one thinks that there is nothing much one can do there except pray. The Girton ladies formed a crocodile and took me round the grounds; and these, as they say, were a sight. Inside it is arches, arches everywhere – and aumbries, too, I shouldn't wonder. Everything was remarkably fresh and clean and very sensible. But, alas, it was not what Mrs Woolf meant. It was in fact the reverse of her liberal dream and a retreat into medievalism in the bricks and mortar sense.

So that left only New Hall; and, as I had been invited there too, I made the long journey back into Cambridge. There are about 1,200 women in the women's corner of Cambridge and they are fairly evenly divided up into Girtonienses and Newnhamienses. Sixty or so, however, are at New Hall. New Hall can hardly call itself an architectural collegiate statement, as it is only that nice square house next door to the Darwins', and they have very little to show one there. 'Come out and see our pear tree,' they said, for they have only one pear tree, though this is singularly tall. New Hall is charming, clever, intimate; hospitable. It is like the home of a rather swottish family. Over the garden wall sat until lately Gwen Raverat, and it is hard for many people in Cambridge to realise that she does not sit there still.

'So perhaps you are right after all,' I said to Jane when we met a few days later, and I had seen all the places in which they educate women at Cambridge – and she is married to a professor who calls girls 'gentlemen' when he begins his lectures, so she should know – 'the university does need some sort of Minervan triumph of stone and glass set within a budding grove to remind the men that the ladies are up, and have been for close on 100 years. But who will build it?'

'We must have,' Jane said, 'a woman architect. But as I say, who ever heard of her . . .?'

RONALD BLYTHE

The Arts and Entertainment

Gods and Critics

THIS week I want to discuss a problem that is fundamental to criticism today. But first, the two exhibitions which pose the problem.

Jack Smith's large retrospective exhibition at Whitechapel is mostly made up of pictures painted during the last two years. The canvases are big and their pigment is dense in both texture and colour – tarry blacks, greys, milky whites and heavy browns. Nominally most are still-lives or seascapes. The still-lives look rather like what you see through the kind of thick glass that has bubbles in it. They suggest that Smith is concerned with imagining what light would be like if it were a viscous, opaque substance; represented by thick whitish paint, it coalesces and silts up round bottles and other indeterminate objects. In a few paintings black paint, representing shadow, acts in a similar way: the objects appearing to be coated with darkness as trees are with bark. The seascapes look rather like skid-marks on a wet road: the curved tracks signifying the arcs of waves. Each picture has clearly been painted with deliberation and one can justifiably deduce that each has a specific meaning for Smith himself. The exhibition as a whole suggests originality that is genuine in so far as it has not been consciously pursued. *The Times* critic maintained that the best of these paintings might be compared in their seriousness with early analytical Cubist works.

Four abstract painters were recently showing at the Waddington Galleries. All have been influenced by current American abstract painting; but otherwise each is distinctively himself. Roger Hilton, the oldest and the most gifted, paints irregular shapes which, although quite abstract, suggest that there is space around them as in a figurative still-life or landscape. One can, in imagination, enter into these paintings and inhabit them. And to some spectators this obviously gives a sense of peace precisely because of the lack of any reference to the world in which we must recognise and name what we see in order to survive. Terry Frost's paintings are more calligraphic and like ideographs: a kind of cross between Chinese characters and Steinberg's doodles. They are, however, works that have been thought out, and I am sure that Frost is seriously trying to project into them the experiences of the forty-four years of his life. Patrick Heron's paintings are atmospheric: squares, rounds and strips of colour hang like zones of scent – lavender and honeysuckle. Bryan Wynter's paintings have an overall pattern of small, overlapping shapes that are rather like wood shavings from a plane, only their colour is metallic and their scale somehow suggests landscapes seen from the air. The painters themselves would of course reject such literary ideas: for them their pictures begin and end with the organisation of purely visual elements, whose meanings *must* remain undeclared. Alan Bowness in his Introduction writes that English painters like these can now hold their own with their contemporaries anywhere in the world. Which is probably true enough.

So – there are the exhibitions. Jack Smith's aims are different from those of the other four, but his work is similar in that it is impossible to judge it except in its own exclusive terms. That is to say the art of each of these five artists appears to relate to no previously known truth, established by our experience of either art or life. You can look at their works and decide whether they are well done – you can judge their skill as executants. Circumstantial evidence helps you to judge their seriousness. And you can decide which ones you like looking at best. But the serious critical problem still remains. Is it possible that such works are establishing new truths which will in the end become part of our experience of art and therefore finally of life too? (At first the analytical works of the Cubists must have seemed equally obscure.) Or are they indeed as limited and in the strict sense of the word as meaningless as they seem? Despite their emphasis on purely formal values, have they in fact a content which we cannot yet appreciate?

If you take a long-term historical view, ours is obviously a period of mannerism and decadence. The excessive subjectivity of most of our art and criticism confirms this. And the historical social explanations are not hard to find. It may be unpopular but it is not stupid to condemn works such as we are considering for being bourgeois, formalist and escapist. Just as most Western academic art is in another way.

If, on the other hand, you take a very limited view it is possible to acknowledge artists like Smith and Hilton. If you accept what they themselves are trying to do, you can admire their effort. The work is then no longer proof of the validity of the artist's intentions: his intentions have to prove the validity of his work. If you want to know what it feels like to be Jack Smith his paintings will tell you as much as anything else ever will. Accept that it is necessary for

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Smith himself to create a kind of tidal world of flux in which solidity, weight and identity are all sucked away, and then his paintings are certainly impressive. Equally, if you accept Hilton's aim of creating space and forms, as precisely organised as Chardin's but immaculate and without associations, then his work, too, is an achievement.

The limitation of the first approach is that it tends to be over-mechanical. To take a long-term historical view you must stand outside your own time and culture. You must base yourself on the past, in an imaginary future or in the centre of an alternative culture. Your general opinion will probably be right. But you will almost certainly be blind to the processes by which your own period is changing itself. You will tend to see the dramatic break between the culture with which you identify yourself and the culture that surrounds you, more clearly than you will see the dialectic leading up to and away from that break. You would, for instance, have seen that Surrealism was decadent but you would have failed to understand how it nourished Eluard who later opposed all decadence. It is an approach that assumes that your own period is finished rather than continuous.

The limitation of the second way of approach is its subjectivity. Intentions count for more than results. You judge the distance travelled instead of the distance still necessary to travel. You think as though history begins afresh with each individual. Your mind is open – but anything can enter it and so seem positive. You will admit the genius and the fool – and not know which is which.

So what is required is a combination of both approaches. Then you will be fully equipped to recognise that rare transformation which, when it happens, allows an artist's pursuit of his personal needs to become a pursuit of the truth. You will have the historical perspective necessary to evaluate the truth he discovers, and you will have the imaginative appreciation necessary to understand the route he must take to travel towards his discovery. Yes. In theory such a combination would equip the ideal critic. But in fact it is impossible.

The two approaches are mutually opposed. You are demanding that the critic is simultaneously in one place (in Jack Smith's imagination) and everywhere (in history). You are casting him for the role of God. Which is, of course, the role most critics cast for themselves. Their one concern and one fear is that they will fail to understand the next genius, the latest discovery, the newest trend. Yet they are not God. So they wander about, looking for they know not what, and always believing that they have just found it.

No, proper criticism is more modest. First, you must answer the question: What can art serve here and now? Then you criticise according to whether the works in question serve that purpose or not. You must beware of believing that they can always do so directly. You are not simply demanding propaganda. But you need not fall over backwards in order to avoid being proved wrong by those who later take your place. You will make mistakes. You will miss perhaps the Jack Smith who finally vindicates himself. But if you answer your initial question with historical logic and justice, you will be helping to bring about the future from which people will be able to judge the art of your own time with ease.

And so I remain a critic. I do not retract anything I have said about the gifts or comparative achievement of these five painters. But my conclusion is that their works are useless, because I am unable to see how they help or will help men to know and claim their social rights: a criterion which may sound too limited but which requires a whole article to explain why in fact it isn't.

JOHN BERGER

Rape at the Mermaid

THE Mermaid Theatre has got off to an excellent start. But then a new theatre as beautifully and unpretentiously designed as this could hardly have done otherwise. For the audience it has everything: unobstructed vision, first-rate acoustics, leg-room between the seats, strolling-room between the bars; everything except, by the feel of it, air conditioning. But its greatest asset is a huge, deep stage which is not cut off by proscenium or orchestra pit. It is the kind of stage on which drama becomes a direct extension of life, rather than the usual formal and separate fantasy world. I don't know what plans Bernard Miles has, but he has potentially the best Shakespeare theatre in the country.

Lock Up Your Daughters is not Shakespeare. It's an amiable piece of eighteenth-century fun and games, which Mr Miles has adapted as a musical from Fielding's *Rape upon Rape*. It has all the ingredients for success: it is funny in a suitably risky way; Lionel Bart's lyrics are quick and clever and Laurie Johnson's tunes are easy to whistle. If the satire sometimes drags a little and the ending is like nothing so much as a funnier version of *The Confidential Clerk*, who cares? After all, fun's fun, even if a critic can't go on laughing all the time.

The cast, however, is first rate. Hy Hazel is splendid and throaty as the shrew who, seeing rape as inevitable, relaxed and enjoyed it out of all proportion. She is matched in eagerness, rape for rape, by her paramour Frederick Jaeger, who stripped for action as willingly as an oversensitive bruiser. Stephanie Voss, as the young almost-innocent, is surprisingly witty and polished for an actress who could easily get by on her more obvious charms. Richard Wordsworth, the crooked Justice Squeezum, managed precisely the right mixture of cunning and decrepit lechery, a cross between Max Adrian and Alistair Sim. The director, Peter Coe, kept the cast moving with great command, so that the whole vast stage was continually buzzing with life; and he extracted from the script every possible shade of wit. For what is apparently Mr Coe's first professional production in London, this was assured and imaginative.

The honours of the Mermaid's first production, however, go to the designer, Sean Kenny. I have seen only one of Kenny's sets before, at the Royal Court, which was ingenious but cramped. It appears he needed the run of this great new stage, unhampered by traditions or the ghosts of other designers, to show what he could do. The clue to Kenny's originality is given in the programme: he studied architecture under Frank Lloyd Wright. He has distinctly an architect's rather than a painter's view of the stage. He creates upon it not a single, static set but a whole town with alleys, street-corners, courtyards, staircases, houses and rooms. The scene changes from public street to private bedchamber to dungeon by slight shifts in lighting or a quarter twist of the revolving centre of the stage. It is all perfectly simple: no curlicues, no fussy props. Mr Kenny gets by on his wonderful sense of design; he can define a space, open it out until it includes the whole stage, then close it with effortless fluidity. He is the most imaginative and least pretentious young designer in the British theatre.

Both Kenny and Coe are under thirty. Their originality and Miles's experience promise the Mermaid an exciting future. Now they have got under way, I hope they will set about producing plays that may be less appealing than *Lock Up Your Daughters* but are also more ambitious.

The Rough and Ready Lot (Lyric, Hammersmith) is a vigorous but obvious problem play about an Englishman, two Irishmen and a Welshman fighting a war in South America. As is usual with problem plays, it confines itself to types who are didactic instead of people who live and suffer. But Jack MacGowran gives a wonderful touch of humanity and Rupert Davies backs him up.

A. ALVAREZ

Glyndebourne

THE Glyndebourne Opera Company opened its season last week with a new production of *Der Rosenkavalier* – a courtly gesture to Carl Ebert, the retiring artistic director, who had specially requested that his *envoi* should take this form. Unfortunately I shall have to postpone discussion of this production until next week. In the meanwhile we have had the pleasure of seeing again Ebert's long-established production of Mozart's great opera seria, *Idomeneo*. In some ways this is the ideal Ebert opera. Its visual character is primarily statuesque, and acquires its tension from the extreme contrasts of mass: on the one hand the very economical solo scenes, on the other the huge rejoicings and despairs of the Cretan populace. Ebert's wonderfully expressive treatment of what one might call the '*Dies Irae*' and '*Pietà*' elements in the choral scenes recalls the finest things in his Berlin productions of *Nabucco* and *Die Bürgschaft*. At Glyndebourne the success of this aspect of the production is confirmed by the fine quality of the singing of the chorus – for which the conductor, John Pritchard, and chorus-master, Peter Gellhorn, deserve especial credit.

Unhappily, the performance at the first night did not always leave so favourable an impression. The convention of reviewing opera productions on the basis of first nights never seemed more regrettable. From the start it was clear that hardly any members of the cast were on their best form, and nothing was more indicative of

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the general state of uncertainty (from which only Miss Sylvia Stahlman's accomplished Ilia seemed exempt) than the way in which Miss Angela Vercelli (Electra) suddenly found her feet in her last aria, and evoked the only incidental applause heard that evening. Thanks to the BBC's broadcast of a subsequent performance on Sunday night, it was possible to confirm one's impression that the mishaps of the first night were unlikely to repeat themselves. Miss Vercelli herself went on with greatly increased confidence from the moment she began her first, cruelly demanding aria, and though she is still inclined to force the pace and thereby endanger both tone and line, she now conveys something of what her part must uniquely represent in the opera. A queen of the night before her time, Electra is the human counterpoise of the supernatural events which control the action of the opera. She is possessed by 'Furies from darkest Hades', and although not directly associated with the idea of supernatural *power*, she is manifestly a victim of fate, and is the only character who is denied redemption. Her part is not a central one but it is very important, and this should be apparent at Glyndebourne. The importance of the 'Voice of Neptune', about which Mozart was so nervous, is also greater than the time allotted to it might suggest. For this reason it is disappointing that Glyndebourne should use the shortest of Mozart's three versions of The Voice's pronouncement. Mozart was anxious to 'astonish and terrify', but the reasons of expediency which led him to shorten that remarkable passage are no longer relevant to modern audiences. Glynbourne's own cutting of other passages, especially of recitative and of some of the most taxing aria work, is perhaps more germane to the conditions of our day.

The broadcast performance of *Idomeneo* showed William McAlpine's Idamante and Richard Lewis's Idomeneo to have gained in power since the first night. Mr McAlpine is particularly sensitive in ensembles, but unlike Mr Lewis he underrates the musical eventfulness of the recitatives – a wonderful progression to A major when Idamante is told of his father's death was allowed to pass without a sign of recognition. Mr Lewis's performance has many solid virtues, but one misses any striking evidence of his sensuous enjoyment of the music. Listening to his sturdy performance of the second act 'storm' aria, one can't quite believe that he feels about that music as the first Idomeneo did, according to Mozart's letter to his father. Mr Raaff, we are told, was 'as infatuated with it as a young and ardent lover might be with his fair one, for he sings it at night before going to sleep and in the morning when he wakes'. A little more evidence of infatuation would not harm Glyndebourne's *Idomeneo*.

Time, and a change of cast, has worked wonders with Covent Garden's new production of *Parsifal*. The orchestral playing is altogether more spirited, and the leading singers have all developed their interpretations – especially Gottlob Frick (Gurnemanz) who is now giving a fine performance. Apart from this, the production has benefited greatly from the acquisition of Jon Vickers as Parsifal. Mr Vickers is sometimes apt to misjudge the power of his voice, but Covent Garden now has a Parsifal of commanding presence.

DAVID DREW

Another redskin bit the dust

EVERY schoolboy knows the dietary habits of the North American Indian. To an extent that bore no relation to the performance of any mere six-chambered revolver, what the Redskin bit was the dust.

Benighted savage! He had no one to tell him that earth is nasty without being nourishing; no one to point out that when you bake it, what you get is not a loaf but, nine times out of ten, some sort of pot; no one to suggest that spreading marmalade on the milk jug is really a sheer waste of time.

Thanks to western (as opposed to "Western") science, we now know we've been right all along in preferring bread. In the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and niacin, than any other single food.* So it's not only the cheapest basic food you can buy. It's the best too. See that your family gets plenty of good fresh bread.

*National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (Page 133) published by H.M.S.O.
In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24.7% of the energy; 26.3% of the protein; 26.9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24.2% of the niacin; 23% of the iron.

Note:—All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Vitamin B_1—not less than 0.24 milligrams. Niacin—not less than 1.60 milligrams. Iron—not less than 1.65 milligrams.

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Riding the Troubles

IRELAND is commonly the grave, or bog, of filmmakers who from Flaherty to Ford have found the old country too much for them. *Shake Hands With the Devil* (Leicester Square) hasn't escaped this bemusement; the wet streets of Dublin and the beautiful cloudy hills both make and unmake a romantic thriller content too often with convention. The thriller edge, despite the swoop on a funeral and the dropped coffin pouring out guns, just isn't keen enough to bring this film into the first flight. Still, it gives lively and lifelike glimpses into the 'Troubles': Black and Tans threatening in bars, street ambushes, a waterfront battle, cellar HQ, a partisan hideout by a lonely lighthouse. Active in these forays is the famous surgeon of a Dublin medical school, James Cagney: his ruthlessness first has our sympathy and then slips into the tyranny it fights against. This is one of his best stumping, defiant, black roles. When he would go on prolonging the battle after the treaty has been won, it's reserved for the hero, an American-Irish student defending a beautiful English hostage, to shoot him down. Don Murray makes him an engaging hero, reluctant – even after a bad beating up – to embrace a cause pledged to violence. The morals of the film are good enough, so are setting and action, and yet, under Michael Anderson's direction, people grouped over a map or a daring raid on the enemy barracks can't make us hold our breath. The best moments are still: a man dead after the bullet has been removed, an enlarged revolver on a beach.

The Swedish season marches on at the National Film Theatre bringing us ever more Bergman: next week and the week after, seasonal, with a *Summer Interlude* (1951) full of feeling for young love and landscape. This idyll of a ballet-dancer doesn't come up to *Summer With Monika* and the harking back through a later day (of revisits) hasn't yet the mastery achieved in *Wild Strawberries*. There is, too, some tedious Life talk with make-up and mirrors in the dressing-room. But despite muddle, the beauty of landscape, the lovers (Maj-Britt Nilsson and Birger Malmsten), the threat of doom, and ballet itself create a spell.

This week the film is Arne Sucksdorff's *A Jungle Saga*, an adventure in wide-screen and colour into the remote Indian jungle. As a spectacle it stuns with pleasure, we are charmed by this friendly village, haunted by parrotings and whoopings, scared of the tiger stripes in a shade. It all dazzles; jungle, animals, folk are brought close; and yet the natural touch keeps hardening into fabrication. Let me add that this major flaw by no means destroys the wealth of experience to be caught from this fine, ambitious film.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Parnell's Pride

TELEVISION makes strange screenfellows. Somehow, I wouldn't have expected, two or three years ago, to watch Dame Margot Fonteyn dancing in *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*. I couldn't see if she was actually whirled round with the Tiller Girls in the revolving finale last Sunday, but she was undoubtedly in the show (billed in *TV Times* in the same-sized type as Bruce Forsyth and Beat the Clock), appearing with David Blair in a *pas de deux* adapted from *Les Sylphides*.

Mr Val Parnell's motives in occasionally including an artist of this kind and quality in his highest-rated mass-viewed show are, no doubt, mixed. Dame Margot happens to have been big news lately; and (as with Callas) there is extra audience-appeal in a star who has been much talked about in a context that has nothing to do with her art. There is also the continuing need for ITV to justify itself in terms of 'culture' and prestige: a fragment of ballet could be tossed in as a sop to 'the long-haired boys' and the fretful porpentines of Parliament. But I imagine that the main motive is the old, not altogether unworthy desire of the impresario to be able to claim that he can get 'em all, the biggest, the top names.

If there is in such an experiment any sense of a vocation to uplift and instruct public taste (which seems improbable), I doubt if this is the best way of going about it. My esteemed colleague Clifford Davis, of the *Daily Mirror*, complained that, for a Palladium climax, the *Sylphides* extract was 'too restful, too relaxed'. He probably wouldn't think that if he had to dance it, but the criticism is both just in itself and correct from the point of view of *Mirror* readers, who must overlap very substantially with *Sunday Night* viewers. *Les Sylphides* is a pretty enough titbit in its customary place *at the beginning* of a strongly contrasted ballet programme; but it is stock romantic ballet at its most conventional, and I fear that, superbly though Dame Margot danced – and anything that she does is all right with me and with the hundreds of thousands of others who have worshipped her on the stage – many of the millions of viewers must have been confirmed in their suspicion that *that* is what all highbrow ballet is like, and about, and that it is – well, all right but a bit soppy. They would be surprised to learn that much of it is, at least superficially, more like an authentically non-highbrow TV programme, *Cool for Cats*. So, next time Mr Parnell feels like a spot of ballet, I beg him (and I mean this in the friendliest way) to consider some ballet, equally of Covent Garden calibre, which has, visually and musically, a more direct, concrete anecdotal appeal: *The Three-cornered Hat* or *The Rake's Progress*, or some of those perennially effervescent snatches from *Façade*.

A curious little current joke of show-business was also aired in last Sunday's Palladium Show

(as it has been, for some weeks, in all the pop-music disc programmes on radio). Mr Anthony Newley is a highly competent serious actor (Old Vic, etc.), known to discriminating TViewers for his *tour de force* in a one-part playlet, *Sammy* (which I wish the BBC would revive). Recently, for a film, he had to sing one or two songs in the manner of the post-Presley teenage beatsters, parodying the *genre* pretty broadly. To his bewilderment (but not altogether, naturally, to his annoyance) the record of one of these songs leaped to hit-parade success *because the fans took it straight*, and now Mr Newley is heavily involved in the jungle, or maelstrom, of disc business and greeted by phalanxes of adolescent squealers wherever he goes. On Sunday night the least perceptive viewer ought to have noticed the tongue in his cheek; but, wittily as he hammed the disorder known as the moaning lovesickness, the wild applause of the live audience was not spiced, so far as I could hear, by a trace of comic appreciation. This seems to prove two things: that people who will take without laughing not only Mr Newley's songs but another new favourite (not his) whose refrain contains the lines 'Each night I ask the stars above, Why must I be a teenager in love?' will take absolutely anything the recording companies want to sell; and that the well-known dogma that 'it's *sincerity* that counts on TV' is, as I always half-suspected, a myth.

TOM DRIBERG

Tom Paine Exhibition, at the Marx Memorial Library

Clerkenwell is hallowed ground for Radicals. It is fitting not only that the austere little Marx House, where Lenin once edited *Iskra*, should stand among the ghosts of dead Finsbury rationalist artisans, but that it should commemorate the greatest of artisan revolutionaries, Tom Paine, with a charming exhibition. An astonishing and encouraging man: staymaker and excise-man, poet (his *Ode on the Death of General Wolfe* is exhibited 'as sung at the Anacreontic Society by Mr. Sedgwick'; it is terrible), designer of the famous Wear cast-iron bridge, which is reproduced on innumerable jugs and mugs (several of which are to be seen here), writer of marvellous prose, deist, patron saint of working-class Radicals, revolutionary in three countries. He would enjoy this exhibition, down to the Tom Paine Souvenir Seals on sale to visitors, the posters of the Thetford Festival of Britain, the photostat of a letter from that unexpected Painite, the aged Eden Phillpotts in Devon. It is all here: the splendidly sober typography of his pamphlets, the splendid crudeness of the pro- and anti-Paine caricatures, the formal elegance and political passion of the tokens and medallions, the French Republican pottery, the portrait alleged to be by Romney, the pictures and documents of the American and French Revolutions. Most of the exhibits are from the collection of the late Adrian Brunel. If there were historical justice the 150th anniversary of Paine's death would have produced an official exhibition, opened by the Prime Minister with a graceful tribute to the Radical Tradition. But I daresay Paine would feel more at home where he is, within sight of the Saffron Hill Italians, Farringdon Road bookstalls and *Daily Worker* office.

E. J. H.

Isaac Rosenberg Exhibition, at Leeds University

Despite the appearance of the *Collected Works* in 1937, orthodox opinion still affords Isaac Rosenberg scant justice. The recent British Council pamphlet, *War Poets, 1914-1918*—expansive enough when dealing with Brooke, Sorley and Grenfell—dismisses Rosenberg in a phrase, together with the author of 'Ducks'. Owen is the anthologists' demi-god, but Rosenberg's achievement still receives mostly off-hand acknowledgement. Against this one is glad to set the excellent catalogue prepared for the present exhibition of paintings, drawings and manuscripts (which is open till 24 June). This gives the text of 34 hitherto unpublished letters, together with an essay on the poetry by Jon Silkin which challenges received textbook opinions, and an appreciation of the paintings by Maurice de Sausmarez. The letters themselves reveal something of the tough solitariness and radical scepticism that went into such poems as 'Break of Day in the Trenches', 'Chagrin', or 'God'.

The arrangement of the exhibits reveals an appropriate irony. They include a letter from the Imperial War Graves Commission (dated 1927) regretting that 'Artist and Poet' cannot appear on Private Rosenberg's grave, unless provided by the next-of-kin at a personal charge of three-and-threepence.

G. H.

La Reja, at Sadler's Wells

At first I thought that John Cranko's new work for the Ballet Rambert was about a Spanish brothel. There were white convolvulus girls, with their red-headed madame, being inspected by grandees in grotesque masks and massive black cloaks. Then, as fine, grim ladies seemed to be visiting also, the pale room appeared as a dancing school with the grille (*la reja*), through which the young ladies had to pass, as a symbolic barrier between the gentlemen and their desires. This initial doubt about the theme was my only uncertainty in an otherwise extraordinarily complete and co-ordinated ballet. The stark monstrosities of the aristocrats contrasted with the gay elegance of the dancers, tripping and clicking in the labyrinth of Scarletti's harpsichord pieces, where the notes seem to flow like coloured marbles weaving fine and endlessly varied patterns. Mr Cranko's choreography is not always quite accurate enough, although he has managed the ballet as a whole with great cunning and lively sensibility. Again the company should have been a little more stylised for perfection. But I am judging by high standards, for this is a very handsome and original work. Carl Toms's décor and the dancing of Lucette Aldous alone make it worth seeing.

A. F.

Correspondence

WHERE ARE THE GOOD BRITONS?

SIR,—Mr Paul Johnson draws some comparisons between British and German attitudes during the war and finds doubtful excuses for Germans under Hitler.

I had the unwelcome privilege of spending 1942 to 1944 in Berlin, and to say that people did not see what was going on because of strict press censorship is utter nonsense. Soldiers returning on leave from Russia and Poland would occasionally show photographs of concentration camps, others would tell of mass executions during the retreat from the Caucasus and Crimea. People preferred not to talk about these things, but the vast majority of Germans were certainly aware of what went on in concentration camps, even if they may not have realised all the details.

It is confusing the issue when Mr Johnson says that there 'was no middle ground between acquiescence and conspiracy'. It was possible to help at least some people under the Nazis, but even these few people did not receive much help. It must be understood that in every German town ordinary Germans could witness deportations of Jews, and there were a number of 'jokes' in circulation about factories 'where soap would be made of one's bones' and the sterilisation of Polish girls. When the large air raids began anybody who wanted to notice things could see groups of concentration camp inmates at work on bomb disposal, and one was told by the guards that this was a way for the 'KZler' to redeem himself. All these things went on right under one's own nose inside Germany, and not only in far-away Russia. There are plenty of people in Britain, on the other hand, who are shocked by happenings in Kenya. They are shocked by happenings about which they have only third-hand information, and the mere fact that an official inquiry was ordered is ample evidence that there is not the slightest basis

HIP-HIP-OLÉ!

An Autumn or two ago a young nephew of mine asked me down to his school speech-day.

During a stroll in the quadrangle we happened to hear the clink of glasses and other sounds of enjoyment coming from an open window. My nephew, who seemed to be exceptionally well-informed, explained that we had just passed the headmaster's study and at that moment the Head was dispensing six of the best to his guests. Six bottles of sherry! My nephew could even tell me that it was Mackenzie's, and was almost certain, though he couldn't swear to it, that it was Vintner's Cream. The psychology was, it seems, that a speech-day, often on the dreary side, could be considerably enlivened when the speakers had been primed by some fine Oloroso.

And so it proved. A little later we were sitting in Hall with the golden rays of an Autumn sun slanting in on as mellow and benevolent a 'platform' as you could wish to see. The speeches were good, the pace lively; and the highlight came when the bishop made the request, not for the traditional day's holiday, but for two. The headmaster, hesitating only for a second, gave his assent, and was heartily applauded.

Distinctly I heard one group rounding off the school song in fine style with "floreat Mackenzie," and a quorum replied to "hip-hip" with "olé!" They were obviously receiving a first-class education.

The above was written by R. H. Wilmott, Warren Row, Berkshire and won Third Prize in the recent Mackenzie Advertisement Competition.

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for comparison between German and British attitudes. Mr Johnson states that there were no inquests reported verbatim, but what about the German practice of posting confirmation of death sentences on hoardings all over town for such trivial offences as *Rassenschande*, to take a specific instance, when the Nuremberg courts in 1942 sentenced to death Leo Katzenberger, a Jew, and to two years' penal servitude Irene Seiler, an 'Aryan', for cohabitation? And what about the victims of Nazi euthanasia, about one million Germans who were not Jewish and spent from a few weeks to many years in concentration camps?

Most German families had what at that time were considered 'black sheep', that is men and women who had incurred the displeasure of the Nazis. Generally most people in Germany, however, certainly felt that the best way of living with the Nazis, and perhaps getting some fine pickings, was to keep quiet and not to ask questions. But it was not nearly as dangerous as is nowadays made out to make inquiries, and with some good will it was easy enough to take food and cigarettes to displaced person camps and prisoners-of-war; only too few people made use of the existing possibilities of fighting the Nazis even in small ways.

There was never any outcry against laws, published in all the papers, which set down, for instance, that Jews had no right of appeal. Nobody complained when an American airman shot down over Berlin-Lichterfelde in the summer of 1943 was almost kicked to death after Hitler Youth had run through the district calling on people to join in the punishment of the 'terror pilot'. Nobody objected when a Polish or Russian deported labourer collapsed and was then kicked by the guard in Friedrichstrasse in Berlin in 1944. It was possible, and I have done this, to go and help the man up. It did not even need courage, just 'normal' reactions to cope with at least this kind of minor manifestation of Nazism.

It is difficult to understand how Mr Paul Johnson can have let such confusion of thought and argument arise in his mind. Nobody doubts that at Hola atrocities were committed. Something is apparently being done to prevent a recurrence of such excesses, although safeguards against such happenings do not yet appear to be adequate. But to compare isolated cases of bestiality to the calculated murder of millions of people betrays an appalling lack of political, historical and journalistic experience which would appear to me to do rather more harm than good.

W. P. JASPERT

93 Belsize Lane, NW3

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

MEETINGS

CATERHAM
EXHIBITION & FILMS
Community Centre, Caterham Hill. 5th-9th June. Official Opening: Saturday 6th June. 3 p.m.

SELBY
Museum Hall 5th June 8 p.m.
REV. MICHAEL SCOTT
DR. JOHN REX

CLAPHAM
We Examine Civil Defence
Manor Street Baths 9th June 7.45 p.m.
ANNE CLARK, L.C.C.
PEGGY DUFF

WEMBLEY
Brotherhood Hall, Wembley High Road. 10th June
PROF. J. ROTBLAT

Further particulars from the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 43 Fleet Street, E.C.4. FLE 4175

THE ROAD TO WATNEY'S BEER

SIR,—Sometimes I just cannot understand the NEW STATESMAN. Mr Charles Clore is a money-juggler. I do not know that he has made any contribution to economic progress and welfare in this country. His bid for Watney Mann is an example of the most irrelevant and undesirable kind of take-over attempt. And yet you come out (more or less) in support of him, just because (a) the brewers are a Tory clique, and (b) Mr Clore's action has annoyed, or will annoy the government. Is this really a sensible attitude to adopt?

PETER M. OPPENHEIMER

The Queen's College
Oxford

SIR,—It is difficult to understand at whom your anger is directed or where your sympathies lie. Is your point that beer is too sacred a British beverage to be left in the uncalloused and ungentle hands of capitalists? Unfortunately, the realities of the average pub, dingy and evil-smelling or flashily repellent, are obscured behind a romantic image of time-worn timber and ingle nooks. Reference to the commercial aspect of brewing are considered in deplorable taste.

Those Tories who recoil from take-overs are mostly those who enjoy the succulent fruits of free-enterprise but run blubbering with pain when its thorns prick. The only people likely to be incommoded if Mr Clore's take-over of Watney Mann is successful are its 12 directors. I believe the NEW STATESMAN will be able to choke back its sobs over them. For the rest, the public are likely to benefit from better pubs and Watney Mann shareholders (who are in fact the owners of the company) will make a capital profit as anyone selling an asset hopes to do.

The 'power without responsibility' of the 'two business gangs' is severely limited by the Companies Act and the tastes of beer drinkers who can always switch to another brew if Mr. Clore does not give them what they want.

DAVID MALBERT

52 Redcliffe Gardens, SW10

SIR,—Surely Labour's main point about Mr Clore's bid for Watneys is not the possible effect on the price and quality of beer. These will remain approximately the same, controlled as they are by the Exchequer and the Organisation Men be they accountants or technicians.

Labour's point must take in the effect of the bid on the economy. Capital appreciation of brewers' shares, in one single day, is variously reported to have totalled between £6m. and £9m. So much untaxed and unearned profit to the speculators without a ha'porth of benefit to the economy of the country.

Every hoarding, every possible inch of advertising space, should be used to show that Tory (and Liberal) free enterprise prefers industry to be 'Clore-inated' rather than nationalised. Awake ye apologists from your slumbers! Let the Institute of Directors know that nationalisation is basic to our creed.

BERT ATKINSON

11 Paxton Terrace
Churchill Gardens, SW1

THE FIFTH ESTATE

SIR,—Unlike Mr Tom Driberg in your issue of 23 May, I think the BBC would be ill-advised to allot praise and blame for what newspapers choose to publish. And however busy I may become, I doubt if I shall ever wish to save time by allowing others to do my thinking and judging for me, be they the BBC, the press, the church, my best friend, my boss or even Uncle Tom Driberg himself although, to me, he so rarely seems to put a foot wrong.

The BBC has an unenviable and burdensome responsibility to mirror faithfully and impartially the vast field of current events where, by the very nature of things, it can express no views of its own. But, as the press knows only too well, selective reporting can be effective as propaganda without resort to praise and blame. Perhaps I may give just one example of such 'hidden persuading' which I spotted last November. This could well have been published under some such heading as 'Which Paper Do You Read?' or 'Does Mud Stick?'

(1) The *Daily Express* carries a bold headline three columns wide in a prominent position:

'Earl Attlee's ex-secretary is cleared of "loitering." The detailed account spread underneath mentions 'Earl Attlee' again in the first paragraph.

(2) The *News Chronicle*, in a less prominent position, has a heading in smaller type than the above:

'Ministry man in pub crawl'

In the mere two paragraphs which follow it is stated that this man 'was formerly private secretary to Premiers Attlee *and Churchill*.' (My italics.)

Comment is superfluous as criticism of the *Express* version is implicit in the contrast. Even so, I think the BBC would have hesitated to use the above in a news survey unless it felt particularly courageous and confident of its own blamelessness in like circumstances.

Would it not be as well for us all as consumers, readers, listeners and viewers to try to smell out the truth for ourselves and, when we can, pass it on to those whose sense of smell is less developed or who may be preoccupied at the time with some other aspect of the world's working?

VIOLET HASSID

268 Russell Court, WC1

GOING ON LEARNING

SIR,—The informative survey by Mr Raymond Williams of the present situation in liberal adult education does well to stress that workers' education is the key issue.

The anxiety shown in some quarters at the small number of actual manual workers in classes compared with those who describe themselves as 'technicians', 'process-operators' and the like, reflects the revolution in the range of jobs and the mechanization of those jobs which is rendering the manual worker—old style—a rare or at least a rarer bird than he was.

I suggest that the most appropriate social fact to look for from now on is the age at which the WEA class member finished his full-time schooling. Should the largest number of adult students not be those who were school leavers at the age of fourteen or fifteen, then it will be clear that the adult education movement (which includes University extra-mural departments as well as the Workers' Educational Association), is not serving those whom it was created to serve.

GWYN I. LEWIS

4 Townhill Road, Swansea

THE WORLD OF KING SLICKEY

SIR,—May I add my protests to those of Mr Abrahanian about your comments on Persia?

Instead of sneering at people who cannot read, ought we not to give credit and ask ourselves what more we can do to help countries like Persia to cope with the educational and other problems which industrialisation brings?

During the last five years Persia has doubled the capacity of her educational establishments from university down to primary school, and enrolled over 450,000 men and women in night schools. We have made a contribution to these developments through the British Council, which runs courses for Persian teachers of English and teaches English in Teheran, Tabriz, Meshed and Esfahan.

Most people who know anything of Persia know that the Tudeh is the Communist Party; that it was nurtured by the Russians when they occupied northern Persia during the war; that it was always strongest in the Russian occupation zone; that under Mossadeq it operated through a series of front organisations, and that, when the anti-Mossadeq revolution occurred in August, 1953, the Tudeh 'masses' failed to support Mossadeq. Since then the Tudeh Party has been banned—for the understandable reason that its *raison d'être* is to help turn Persia into another Soviet province.

It is neither a party nor has it mass support. Within Persia it comprises only a very few underground cells; abroad there are a number of diehard Communists who are employed by the Soviet Union and its satellites on broadcasting against their own country (it would be interesting to know, for instance, where the new clandestine radio 'National Voice of Persia' is transmitting from) and in recruiting Communists from among the Persian students at European universities.

DOUGLAS DODDS-PARKER

House of Commons

HOMOSEXUALS AND THE COURTS

SIR,—Reports of large-scale vice prosecutions in various parts of the country again force attention to the government's disregard of the Wolfenden Report. Since most of the trials considered newsworthy by the press concern minors or public misconduct, it is timely to emphasise that all the discussion of the past eighteen months seems in no way to have modified the severity with which those convicted of consenting homosexual behaviour in private are treated by the Courts. At the Old Bailey last week, for instance, two young men of previously unblemished character were given nine months' imprisonment apiece after pleading guilty to charges based on their own voluntary statements. The Judge, in imposing this sentence, said he took fully into account that they could not help their homosexual tendencies, that there was a genuine mutual attachment between them, and that they had not misbehaved in public or corrupted anybody; and he was accordingly being as lenient as possible!

It would doubtless be sanguine to hope for any marked change in judicial attitudes while the law remains unaltered. Surely cases such as this call for strong and sustained public condemnation of a humanitarian Home Secretary's wilful blind eye to the claims of an unfortunate minority.

A. E. G. WRIGHT

27 Belsize Avenue, NW3

LATE REPORT

SIR,—'Critic' says that he was unable to find any reference to the Albert Hall meeting on 25 May in either *The Times* or the *Manchester Guardian*. In fact, the *Manchester Guardian* carried a report in its late edition.

A. HETHERINGTON
Editor

Manchester Guardian

THE MARCH OF CONQUEST

SIR,—Messrs Edward Hulton have called to my attention the exchange of views, in your pages, between Captain Liddell Hart and Mr Nigel Nicolson, consequent upon the latter's review of my book, *The March of Conquest*.

From this distance the ardour of Mr Nicolson's contention—that Rundstedt alone was responsible for halting the German armour before Dunkirk—is a bit perplexing. In justice to his attitude, however, it must be recognised that much of the confusion about this matter stems from the thoroughly meretricious accounts subsequently given out by Rundstedt and other German generals, in an effort to absolve themselves and lay on Hitler the entire blame for what obviously was a military blunder of the first order.

On the evening of 23 May 1940, Rundstedt approved Kluge's request for a slowdown of the armoured advances; the following morning, upon Hitler's arrival at his headquarters, Rundstedt proposed that the armour halt on the so-called Canal Line; Hitler agreed and an order to that effect was promptly sent out; on 25 May Rundstedt was given authority to resume the advance at his discretion, and decided not to do so. So it is fair enough to conclude, as does Mr Nicolson in his letter, that 'Rundstedt was not compelled by Hitler against his better judgment to halt the tanks for the three vital days'. In fact, Rundstedt's mind was land-locked; he underestimated the possibility and importance of a British evacuation by sea, and turned his attention to the second phase of the battle of France, for which he wished to save and rest the armour.

But Mr Nicolson quite overstates his case in maintaining that Hitler 'merely confirmed' the stop order 'eighteen hours later'. Hitler confirmed it indeed, but not 'merely'. As the various war diaries and the accounts of Halder, Jodl, and others show, Hitler had his own reasons—quite independent of Rundstedt—for checking the armoured advance. Hitler (and Goering) wanted the Luftwaffe, not the Army, to finish off the encircled Allies, and preferred that the aerial bombardment take place on French, not Belgian soil. For these reasons, on the evening of 24 May (some six hours after leaving Rundstedt's headquarters) Hitler withstood the expostulations of the Army Commander-in-Chief Brauchitsch, and forced the issuance of an OKW directive fixing the Canal Line as the limit of the armoured advance. This was the order that bound the headquarters in the field, and that had to be lifted (as it was by Hitler's own decision on 26 May) before the advance could be resumed.

Accordingly, in my book I wrote that 'Hitler, Goering and Rundstedt all played important parts in the decision to halt the Army on the Canal Line'. I still think that this is correct, and that Mr Nicolson should not be so greedy on behalf of his favourite military goat.

TELFORD TAYLOR

New York City

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD RAGLAN

SIR,—I am writing a book about Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, which is to be published by Messrs Longmans. If any of your readers have letters written from the Crimea between September 1854 and July 1855 I would be extremely grateful if they would be good enough to write to me.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

British Worthies

If it is the Establishment that makes young men angry, Henry Fairlie can claim to be the first of his generation to look back in anger. Not that there was anything new about his sense of frustration. In normal times a complacent and wealthy oligarchy has run this country – at least since the Tudor epoch – and, while the vast majority accept this as natural, up-and-coming young men have always either denounced it as a corruption of the noble past or called for its liquidation on the way to an even nobler future. No, Mr Fairlie's originality lay in his observation that democracy, since we acquired it, is making us not more democratic but less free. Instead of creating an equalitarian society, it is replacing the old traditional ruling class by a new kind of oligarchy – the mid-twentieth-century Establishment, which is less liberal and a great deal more tightly knit than anything which preceded it.

There is no better way of seeing how this new order was established than by reading, marking and spiritually digesting this latest supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography*. The main Dictionary, edited by Sir Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee, was completed in 1900. Since then there has been a supplement to cover each decade. So here we have the lives of 725 British subjects who died between 1941 and 1950 – including, rather surprisingly, Gandhi and Lucien Pissarro. 'Our aim,' wrote Professor Weaver, an editor of a previous supplement, 'has been to include the biographies of those persons and those only whose activities, ideas, writings or discoveries are deemed to have made a definite contribution to the annals of their generation'. Since Mr E. T. Williams took over the editorship when this volume was half completed, he cannot be blamed for the fact that at least half of those included achieved rank and eminence but without justifying their inclusion by making 'a definite contribution'. The truth is that the D.N.B. today is nothing like as good as it was or, under its new editor, could again become. It used to consist of critical appraisals, that selected the few who mattered, and then highlighted only the significant episodes in their lives. About a third of the contributions are still appreciations of this kind. The remaining two-thirds – which include, alas, contributions from such practised hands as those of Lord David Cecil and Miss C. V. Wedgwood – are bromidic obituaries, colourless lists of promotions and changes of address, where the chief interest is to detect what has been concealed. Of only one 'worthy', for example – Jimmy Thomas – is it openly admitted that he drank too much. Elsewhere every kind of euphemism is used to conceal a career drooling into drunkenness. Sex is dealt with even more discreetly. Mr Williams observes, 'One in every seven of the worthies here described had a clergyman for father or was a son of the manse'. After a rough count, I would hazard a guess that the proportion of divorces and second marriages recorded here is actually higher. But even Ritchie Calder and Dr Thomas Jones are compelled to distort their otherwise outstanding portraits of two very great men by omitting any reference to the role which women played in the lives of H. G. Wells and Lloyd George.

How very odd are the rules which govern admission to the lower levels of this British pantheon! Of course, sport must be included – any number of cricketers, one jockey, one 'gentleman rider', one mountaineer, one racing motorist – but no professional footballer. Schoolteachers are now admitted as well as University dons – but only if they worked in fee-paying schools. Policemen and detectives are out, unless they worked for the Government of India; and caricaturists, except for those on the staff of *Punch*. The only craftsmen I found listed were printers and bookbinders. As for the arts and humanities, they are heavily over-represented by Royal Academicians, architects, pundits, novelists, poets and playwrights who were once rated eminent by Top People. In this welter of the second-rate, talent is submerged: all that counts is the skill of the contributors. Lord David Cecil makes nothing of Virginia Woolf, whereas Arthur Marshall immortalises Angela Brazil and Michael Sadleir endears Hugh Walpole to us even in the act of savaging what was left of his literary reputation. It is the same with the actors and actresses, with the judges, the doctors and the academic philosophers, historians and divines. Even though many of them died less than ten years ago, they have faded into the shades. What a pleasure, then, to meet Marie Tempest in the life when St John Ervine describes her! What a relief to read the gentle debunking of Sir Charles Oman and Dr Hensley Henson contributed by the Bishop of Winchester! But what a disappointment to record the cowardice of the journalists when they are asked to write about each other! I hardly expected John Gordon to tell all the truth about Blumenfeld's editorship of the *Daily Express*. But the *Manchester Guardian* fares no better with Wadsworth writing about Crozier, and there is a shameless fudging of that dreadful period when Geoffrey Dawson and Barrington Ward successively made *The Times* the mouthpiece of appeasement. When he deals with the next decade, Mr Williams should get someone who eats dog for pleasure to write about Fleet Street.

What about the higher levels of the Establishment? Mr Williams observes that, in addition to the impact of two world wars on the Commonwealth, this volume records the creation of the Welfare State and the growth of the Labour movement. Of the Commonwealth figures, Mackenzie King proves far the most interesting – largely because his biographer has had the courage to explain truthfully what makes a Canadian politician tick. For diplomacy and the Services Lord Tyrrell (by Ashton-Gwatkin), Sir Philip Chetwode (by Liddell Hart), Dill and Gort (by Cyril Falls) and Wavell (by Bernard Fergusson) stand out for the same reason. But it is the scientists and public servants who really dominate this volume – and no wonder. For, in the sixty years of active life which it covers – roughly from 1880 to 1940 – we can see the transition from the pre-scientific Victorian oligarchy to the mid-twentieth-century Establishment. Sir Lionel Earle represents the old order in Whitehall. He failed either to take a degree or to be accepted for the diplomatic service, but on his mother's side he was a Villiers. In 1912 he was appointed Permanent Secretary to the Office of Works.

> Earle held this post with success. Affable, although somewhat distant in manner, handsome and well connected, he had many social contacts and was able to give valuable assistance to successive Governments. . . . In his day the Office was small and the staff few, and Earle's experience as a man of the world supplemented happily the departmental knowledge of his officials.

Then, at Westminister, we have Lord Derby, the worst Secretary of State for War on record, who replaced Lord Kitchener and of whom his biographer is forced to remark,

> His amiability rendered him liable to the influence of whoever counselled him last.

But this was counter-balanced. For –

> Derby possessed what Englishmen admire: geniality, generosity, public spirit, great wealth and successful race-horses.

Finally, to complete this picture of the old order, we have two of the last amateur scientists, men of wealth who built and maintained their own labs: the eighth Earl of Berkeley, who devoted his life to osmotic pressure, and the fourth Baron Rayleigh, an outstanding physicist.

Bridging the gap between these Victorian men of science and our nuclear world are two figures, Sir Joseph Larmor and H. J. Newall, who were both Wranglers in the same year as Sir J. J. Thomson. Larmor's discovery of the electron began the break from Newtonian mechanics into the theory of relativity; Newall is described as the father of astrophysics.

> Although radical in his natural philosophy, Larmor was conservative in temperament. 'We have done without baths for 400 years, why begin now?' he once said in a college meeting. Yet once the innovation was made he was a regular user. Morning by morning in a mackintosh and cap, in which he was not seen at other times, he found his way across the bridge to the New Court baths.

Newall was of the same vintage.

> His brougham and pair made a stir in Cambridge streets long after his contemporaries were using motor-cars. He loved the mysteries at the heart of things, but did not like to have difficulties removed by modern theories.

Yet contemporary with these ancients is a whole galaxy of founders of new sciences. Here are some names I jotted down: Aston (isotopes), Bragg (crystallography), Frazer (social anthropology), Williams-Freeman (field archæology), Gowland Hopkins (microbiology), Kuczynski (demography), Mackinder (geopolitics), Myers (experimental psychology), Wright (immunology).

* *The Dictionary of National Biography, 1941-1950.* Edited by L. G. Wickham Legg and E. T. Williams. *Oxford.* £5 5s.

The list of innovators in the public service, indeed, is as remarkable as that in pure science. Here we can read of Keynes in the Treasury, of Llewellyn Smith in National Insurance, Newman in Public Health, Paterson in Prison Reform – not to mention Sir Alfred Flux, who introduced for the first time an index of prices (1921), an index of industrial activity (1927) and of the national income (1929).

When he was asked what he regarded as his main qualifications for Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Health, Sir Arthur Robinson replied, 'A first-class brain, the constitution of an ox, and some ideals, but not too many'. In this he did himself and his colleagues less than justice. In the first half of this century the great public servants and scientists were not, as they have become, pillars of the Establishment. Like the great trade union leaders and the great industrialists, they were revolutionaries and innovators, battering their way into an old oligarchy. It is the cautious No. 2s and No. 3s who have inherited power and who are now rapidly turning their open society into a closed Establishment.

This picture would emerge much more clearly were it not for two major defects of this volume – the treatment of industry and of the labour movement. True enough, there were very few outstanding Labour politicians who died in this decade. Nevertheless, the biographies of James Maxton and Ellen Wilkinson are quite unworthy, and together they are given much less space than that old bore John Burns. The trade union leaders are equally shabbily treated. Apart from J. H. Thomas, only Ben Tillett, Tom Mann, Will Thorne and J. R. Clynes, all of the old General Workers' Union, are selected. Even more serious is the systematic denigration of Socialist ideas. Blatchford, for example, is treated merely as a journalist and the Socialism of Shaw, Temple and Sankey excused as an irrelevancy; Kingsley Martin's Harold Laski is a notable exception to this rule.

The neglect of industry is even more extraordinary. I may have missed a few, but here is my list: Austin, Sidgreaves and Lanchester from the motor industry; Bird and Chadwick from aircraft; Cooper and Bain from chemicals; Granet, Stamp, Ashfield and Pick from Transport; Royden and Bates from shipping; Cadman and Wakefield from oil; Milne-Watson from gas; Wright from steel; Tritton from engineering (*i.e., tanks*); Selfridge from distribution. I have noted five business men included because they are patrons or philanthropists, including Courtauld, Southwood and Stoll.

I suggest that, if the D.N.B. is to be restored to its former greatness, Mr Williams will have to review both the method of selection and the treatment of the biographies. He should adopt Mr Weaver's test of inclusion, 'a definite contribution to the annals of their generation', and thereby rid himself of the arid necessity to admit everyone who achieves a certain rank in the public service. By so doing, he would win the space necessary to give to industry and the Labour movement in the next decade the admirable treatment which has been conceded to science for the first time in the present volume.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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A Victory in Alabama

Stride Towards Freedom. By MARTIN LUTHER KING. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

In the autumn of 1956 I asked a young plantation owner in Mississippi if he had noticed any change in his relations with Negro employees since the Supreme Court rulings against segregation. 'Well,' he said slowly, 'I guess you can say the nigra ain't loyal any more. When he speaks to you now, he kind of looks you straight in the eye.' At this time, not too far away across the state line, the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, had been going on for almost nine months, and I thought the phrase a fair description of the way the Negroes of Montgomery had suddenly discovered their human dignity.

This moving book, by the Baptist minister Martin Luther King, is an account of the extraordinary and successful experiment in non-violent resistance to segregation, and it has an importance which goes far beyond the local question of public transport in the town which is called the Cradle of the Confederacy. For it raises fundamental questions about the tactics which American Negroes – or, for that matter, Africans in Kenya, the Federation or the Union – should employ in securing their rights both as citizens and human beings. If violent change is to be avoided, where indeed, violence may only invite effective and cruel repression, the methods pioneered by Gandhi could prove to be the only alternative. And those who are coming into the leadership of the national movements in Africa may learn more from Mr King than from the Communists or the advocates of more formal democratic techniques.

Mr King was the leader of the boycott, which lasted for almost a year. But he tells his story modestly, and in a manner which gives the credit to the thousands of Negroes who put up with extreme inconvenience for months rather than ride on buses where they were insulted and treated as second-class citizens. Their unity was the more remarkable because Montgomery was a town where there had been no tradition of Negro resistance, where there was considerable factionalism within the Negro community – stemming in part from the 'quietist' attitude of some of the more successful Negroes and the other-worldliness of several of the religious sects – and where the organisation which ran the boycott had to be built entirely from scratch.

The day when Mrs Rosa Parkes refused to move back and give up her seat to a white passenger will prove to be one of the landmarks in the Negro struggle for civil rights. After years in which Negro passengers had been bullied, cheated, and even shot by bus drivers, the Montgomery Negroes simply decided to stay off the buses. By organising a system of lifts, and by walking, they turned a protest that was originally intended to last one day into both a moral and a legal victory, though in the last months, faced with opposition that ran from arrests to the dynamiting of Negro homes, it required tremendous self-discipline for them to maintain the non-violent attitude on which their leadership insisted from the beginning. By the time that the bus company had been driven into financial difficulties, and the Supreme Court had ruled that the city ordinance enforcing segregation on the buses was unconstitutional, the Negroes of Montgomery had done more than win another tactical battle against white supremacy. They had discovered two new weapons that are valid for the whole Negro people: the first was the boycott, but this was given its cutting edge by the second, the solidarity that comes from self-discovery.

Yet the Negro, in America at least, cannot achieve equality by defeating the white community in which he lives, as Mr King recognises; he has to achieve it in co-operation with the decent white people who are themselves corrupted and spiritually stunted by the system. That is what gives force to Mr King's comment that 'if the moderates of the white South fail to act now, history will have to record that the greatest tragedy of this period of social transition was not the strident clamour of the bad people, but the appalling silence of the good people'.

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Fish Biology

The Salmon. By J. W. JONES. *Collins.* 18*s.*
The Open Sea: II. Fish and Fisheries. By SIR ALISTER HARDY. *Collins.* 30*s.*

Some technologists do not regard biology as a 'real science', though the true grounds for this are not obvious. The reasons they give may be that biology is not quantitative; or that biologists do not provide general theories which lead to accurate prediction and control of the phenomena they study; or that living things are not (yet) described and explained in the terms of the physical sciences. The last complaint, however, merely consitutes an implied definition, namely, science equals physics-and-chemistry; together with the value judgment that only science (so defined) is Good. Such nonsense would no doubt hardly be uttered in so explicit a form. At any rate, those ordinary persons who fear neither science nor the exact description of organic phenomena will find in these two admirable New Naturalist volumes ample grounds for accepting biological science as valuably informative, stimulating to the imagination and appealing both to the intellect and to the æsthetic sense.

This is a big claim. Dr Jones, I am sure, would not make it. He is content to assume only that salmon are a good in themselves and to devote his life and much ingenuity to studying them. His summary of his work (and that of others) is lucidly written and well illustrated with monochrome photographs – of which one, of a 42-pounder, will arouse violent emotions among anglers. Indeed, many fishermen will buy this book, even though it is concerned with the biology of salmon and not how to catch them. Not that the applications of this knowledge are neglected, for Dr Jones has much to say on how to preserve salmon, especially from the pollution of river waters: he reminds us that it is not long since salmon were plentiful in the Thames.

The salmon is not only a beautiful and delicious fish. It is an animal with a strange and mysterious life history. It is unusual in being able, at different stages, to live both in fresh river water and in the salt waters of the sea. It hatches upstream, lives and grows there as parr for a variable period and then, as smolt, allows itself to be carried down, out to sea, where it swims to feeding grounds which have so far defied discovery. After a further period of growth (the length of which can be estimated by the markings on the scales) it returns, often but not always to its original river, and there makes an extraordinary and exhausting journey to the spawning grounds. In the Yukon, which harbours a Pacific species, these may be two thousand miles from the mouth; and nearly everywhere they have to be reached over obstacles which demand astonishing feats of athleticism.

The Salmon will be read by biologists as well as by naturalists and anglers. But it is not for the sake of the specialists that I wish Dr Jones had given more background of biological theory. He does little to relate the facts on the control of salmon numbers, and on their fluctuations, to the principles that have emerged from the study of animal populations. On behaviour he makes only hesitant references to relevant work on other species; yet this is a subject which is easily, and eagerly, grasped by readers with no special knowledge.

Today, some of the most promising areas of biology are those which provide a meeting ground for natural history (that is, description) with experimental analysis. For Sir Alister Hardy natural history becomes ecology (which is a formal part of biological science) when it becomes causal and quantitative. 'The ecologists . . . aim at building a framework of knowledge which will . . . enable prediction to be made.' *Fish and Fisheries*, though primarily concerned with fish and other animals (even sea serpents) for their own sake, gives a number of examples of successful ecology – successful, indeed, on the economic criterion of men who live by netting and selling fish for food. Like the first of Professor Hardy's volumes, on plankton, this one is beautifully illustrated with colour-plates from the author's paintings, as well as photographs. It ranges from the systematics of fishes to the economic history of fisheries; and from a detailed account of the life history of the plaice (which is a strange one) to a chapter on the parasites, often bizarre, which infect or infest fishes in great numbers. It is not at all textbooky. Of the garfish, *Belone belone*, we learn: 'It is quite good eating and an interesting fish to have at table on account of its . . turquoise green bones' – something to note for the next edition of Mrs Beeton.

Reading of the immense and bewildering variety of these complex and often inaccessible creatures, one realises why some people find biology so disconcerting: it is much more difficult than physics.

ANTHONY BARNETT

The Uses of Travel

The Flight of Ikaros. By KEVIN ANDREWS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

Icarus. By AXEL JENSEN. Translated by MAURICE MICHAEL. *Allen & Unwin* 16*s.*

Every journey has a meaning, but what it is the traveller seldom knows. In retrospect, however, he is likely to enquire. That is why these two books were written. Both Mr Jensen and Mr Andrews recall testing journeys they made a few years ago when they were younger. The Norwegian Mr Jensen went to the Algerian Sahara, the American Mr Andrews to the Peloponnesus of Greece. Looking back now, each of them casts himself in the role of Icarus the son of Daedalus, whose daring won him a measure of enlightenment. Mr Jensen plays this part eloquently; Mr Andrews is much more restrained. The war had left him with a legacy of anxiety and a longing for greater ease in human relations. 'I was afraid of never becoming involved'. Accordingly in 1947 he went to Greece to act out his conviction that 'prudence and common sense can only lead away from life'.

He could not have chosen better conditions for his experiment: in Greece, caution is extinct. Mr Andrews arrived in Athens in the middle of the Civil War, and quickly found an excuse to travel in the countryside at a time when this was both difficult and dangerous. He travelled light and rough, sleeping in shepherd's crofts or on bare hillsides. He learned how to speak Greek well, and how to make friends with Greeks. He endured the terrible food and the boring conversations. Gradually he made the new unfamiliar world his own. There is a surplus of books about modern Greece, but this one is the best for many years. Mr Andrews has a sharp eye, and a good heart, and he can write. He is beautifully unprejudiced. The portraits of his friends are drawn with a novelist's hand: Andoni the shepherd, Pappastavros the priest, Nikiphoros from the slums of Athens, Mitso the village twotimer, Kostandi the brigand. We are made aware of their killing poverty, and the insouciance with which they face it. We are told something of the civil traps that threaten them, at that time at their most cruel. Mr Andrews is deeply involved with his people, yet he writes always with detachment. He can make a simple piece of observation tell a lot. A friend goes off to the war, leaving his family:

> No one said anything and I was struck by the sudden, soundless finality of Greek departures, as of waters closing over someone's head.

Mr Andrews loves the Greeks, yet he is not sentimental about them, as other recent writers are. For the first time their revolting cruelty is described without any admiration at all. Mr Andrews arrives in the town of Molai, where nobody goes unarmed. 'What's wrong in Molai?' he asks, 'Too many murders', comes the reply. Kostandi the brigand has a few drinks and says, 'I have the inclination to kill somebody'. He has killed five hundred already, he tells Mr Andrews. In the barren province of Mani, they justify themselves easily: 'What can you do? People must die. There is no room here'. Of

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course there was civil strife going on in 1947, but violence is a constant in the Greek experience. This is the country where everybody wants another world war because they cannot imagine anything could be worse than what they have got. On the train from Salonika, a young man says to Mr Andrews, 'Tell me something, is there a place in the world where one can live like a human being?'

Mr Andrews does not pretend to be bitter about all this. Ruefully, he admits the fragility of his friendships; he has learned that the traveller is merely the *voyeur* of other people's sufferings. Besides the experiment has been a success: Greece has brought him back to life, and incidentally made him into a writer. Whether the Sahara has done the same for Mr Jensen is doubtful. He is a desperate fellow evidently, but his book is rather dull and wordy. On the first page, he is unpacking his suitcase in a sleazy hotel bedroom in the Casbah of Algiers. It contains the works of Nietzsche, and a revolver, and not much else. He eats a banana and reflects that 'the world is a gigantic privy'. He goes to a brothel. The next day he leaves for the desert in search of 'the impossible and the miraculous'. All that he finds there is a lot of crossness inside himself. Mr Jensen is greatly taken up with the Icarus idea and all its heroic implications, but unfortunately he is quite incoherent. What he is trying to say is better expressed by a character in Mr Andrews's book, a scarcely literate man who wrote to him from his death-bed:

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Sanders of the Secretariat

British Policy in Changing Africa. By SIR ANDREW COHEN. *Routledge.* 12*s.*

Civil Liberty in South Africa. By EDGAR H. BROOKES and J. B. MACAULAY. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

'At last, my friends, I am come among you,' Sir Andrew Cohen might have told the American audience to whom these four lectures are addressed. But unlike Mr Gladstone, he is not yet 'unmuzzled', and there are a good many pulled punches in his account of British colonial policy and the institutions that make and apply it; or are they blows which Sir Andrew never wished to strike?

The first of these highly readable essays reviews the early days of colonisation. Sir Andrew defends the 'scramble for Africa' as being no more than the means by which America was developed, a capitalism often more tempered with humanitarianism than that which opened up the New World. Could the Gold Coast, he asks for example, have been 'brought to nationhood' by any other means? What a pageant of liberal preassumptions there is behind this proposition! What is Ghana's 'nationhood'? Not economic viability; not stable political institutions; not a unified social system; not even frontiers fully accepted as permanent. And in what sense was the Gold Coast 'brought' to this condition? The scramble for this particular part of Africa was fairly leisured by comparison with the sudden scramble to leave it after 1948.

Sir Andrew does make criticisms, of the old principle of financial self-sufficiency which starved colonies of development funds from outside, and of the failure to unify them in preparation for independence; and reading between the lines we are reminded that he was an innovator and a non-conformist both in the Colonial Office and as Governor of Uganda. Yet even his ideal is only a modified colonial *laisser-faire*—rather more foreign aid and technicians, while sensible Governors ease themselves out and nationalist leaders in. Can the coming economic crisis in these territories be mastered by this formula? Its shadow does not really darken these pages. And on the political side, is Sir Andrew's doctrine of responding to 'inter-related pressures' more than an empirical bumbling along the line of least resistance?

This policy gives power, evidently, to those who can apply most pressure; and it might have appeared less like a policy if Sir Andrew had not excluded from his lectures (ostensibly for reasons of space) an account of what its application in Central Africa, for which he had a large share of responsibility, has meant there.

The fate of a country where power devolves to a privileged white minority is described with painful simplicity and clarity by Dr Brookes and Mr Macaulay in their survey of the destruction of civil liberty in South Africa. Like other South African liberals they are inclined to clutch at straws, especially a faith in the judiciary, which on their own showing is increasingly applying discriminatory principles in awards and sentencing, beyond what the law itself prescribes. Their question is not whether, but how far, civil liberty has been destroyed. The answer, as far as the Africans are concerned, is that the only qualification to the complete despotism of the government is the Nationalist obsession with legalising this despotism, which makes it open to occasional challenge in the courts on technical grounds. Even this possibility is vanishing as the legal grants of administrative discretion grow steadily wider. For the Europeans, legalised despotism only enforces segregation and stifles criticism of the Government; and there are still gaps in the apparatus, which may, however, soon be largely closed by a wholesale censorship.

In their anxiety to be objective, the authors of this grim record adopt the device of expressing surprise that a certain measure could be adopted 'in a civilised country'. But the tyranny they describe becomes necessary in order to perpetuate white supremacy, which is perhaps the least civilised doctrine of the modern world. The truth is great, they conclude, and will prevail; for South Africans today this article of faith is all that is left.

COLIN LEYS

Crazy Mixed-Up Analysts

The Quest for Iden ity. By ALLEN WHEELIS. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Freud himself was more alarmed than pleased by the way psychoanalysis was catching on in America during the last years of his life. He professed the lowest possible opinion of American culture and used to say that it would never amount to anything until it had been made over by the Negroes. I do not know if he was familiar with Oscar Wilde's epigram that America is a country that has passed straight from barbarism to decadence without the intervening stage of civilisation, but I am sure that it would have delighted him. This book by an American psychoanalytical psychiatrist would probably have made him snort with disapproval.

It is a loosely compiled bundle of reflections on some of the effects of accelerating social change on patterns of character and neurosis as observed in the modern big city dweller, together with a good deal of criticism of psychoanalysis. Some of this criticism is valid though little of it is new. It is expressed in a rather inconsistent way that suggests mutiny on one's knees rather than outright rebellion.

Dr Wheelis illustrates his undeniable contention that the rapidly changing American way of life involves a change in psychoanalytical conceptions, and particularly the super-ego, by some semi-fictitious sketches of general medical practice in a small southern town throughout this century. The manner of these reminds one rather unfortunately of those simplified case-histories to be found in the 'blue sky' books. Elsewhere his style varies so abruptly from the professional to the popular, the academic to the colloquial, that it is sometimes a little difficult to make out exactly what he means. He is especially vague in his use of the word 'identity'.

One of his complaints is that whereas organic disease remains the same from century to century or anyway from decade to decade, neurosis tends to change almost in front of one's eyes. The type of case most commonly encountered now is a character disorder rather than a clear-cut case of neurosis. (This was remarked on many years ago by Fenichel whose prognosis for character disorders was not over-optimistic. He used to say that before a character disorder could be cured it had to be reduced to a neurosis!) Another is that psychoanalysis has become over-institutionalised and encapsulated, so to say, in its own subjectivism. His final chapter is an entertaining account of vocational hazards in which he indicates some of the traps into which various types of psychoanalyst may fall, whether from having mistaken their vocation and expected too much

from their training or taking refuge in pharisaical pedantry, or even from succumbing to the overtures of their patients. It concludes with a swingeing peroration about the good analyst, yet it leaves you with the impression that someone has been fouling his own nest. Although a curiously uneven, irritating, dissatisfying book, it is one from which we can learn a lot about the prevailing American social malaise and the extent to which it has penetrated its own physicians.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Britain in the Abstract

Britain: An Official Handbook. 1959 Edition HMSO. 21*s.*

If a reviewer is not dead to all human emotion, he will hardly be able to avoid an instinctive gesture of pity and terror at the thought of those obliged to compile works like *Britain: An Official Handbook*. To be asked to 'present a continuing picture of life in Britain, recording the latest developments and containing a wealth of factual and statistical information' (to quote the blurb-writers), is hard enough. To be asked to do so while remaining *official* is intolerable. It may just be possible to present both a realistic and an official picture in a work designed for the expert reader, who can read the code of other experts, even when disguised as civil servants. However, this is a book for the unclassified and unknown general public, and its authors are defeated.

Not that this devoted, anonymous, and clearly rather able, band of officials has been tempted into crude propaganda. This they have rightly left to the compilers of the illustrations, which mirror the bizarre image of Britain seen by those whose business it is to sell tourist traffic, engineering products, and a little private enterprise. Here we see Their Majesties (frontispiece), an English Village, the only view of Cardiff which makes it look like a mid-western campus, highland cattle, the mountains of Mourne, popular sports (soccer, sailing, girl on horse), the declaration of the poll in Saffron Walden, Big Ben, the new underwriting room at Lloyd's, several castles, aircraft and other pieces of saleable mechanism, and the rest. Here the photographs of cattle going about their ordinary avocations outnumber those of housewives going about theirs. Far from such frivolity, the authors of the text have clearly done their best to produce a genuinely useful and comprehensive guide to our country, while avoiding all statements which could be at variance with the official views and policies of HMG.

It simply cannot be done. The writer who wishes to avoid both overt propaganda and any statements which go beyond the confines of the official, is reduced either to reproducing *Whitaker's Almanack* or compiling a scrupulously accurate account of incontrovertible and uncontroversial fact, regulation, and law. But this has as much relation to the 'pattern of life' in Britain as the inventory of an architect's office has to his work, or a list of Charlie Chaplin's sizes in hats, shirts and shoes has to his films. The official guide tells us (p. 154) that secondary modern schools 'give a general education with a practical bias, closely related to the interests and environment of their pupils', because this is what they are supposed to do. But how much does this tell us about British education, or secondary moderns? We are informed that 'there is a considerable devolution in the administration of Welsh affairs under a Cabinet Minister (who is Minister for Welsh Affairs) assisted by a Minister of State who spends most of his time in Wales'. How much does this mean to anyone not very well up in the bitter and continuous polemics hidden behind a bland formula? We are given a concise and lucid summary of the types and amounts of National Insurance contributions and benefits; but we are not told anything about their adequacy. How could we be? Doubtless the civil servants who have drafted, or advised upon, these passages, have views on the adequacy of our secondary modern schools or old age pensions, and could easily give us a summary of existing discussions and inquiries about both. But (cf. pp. 66-7, Political and Private Activities of Civil Servants), it is not their business. They are capable of putting official figures clearly and simply; but on the rare occasions when they use unofficial ones (as those of Lydall and Hill on the distribution of personal income), they do so in a form which will make them incomprehensible to most of the hapless British Information Services and their users. Let us not blame them too much. It is easy to get into trouble. Better stick to uncontroversial facts, such as the 8,253,305 sound and TV licences in June 1958, than to venture into controversial ones, such as the relative appeal of BBC and ITV. It is easier to stick to the outline of regulations – for instance, those governing the fire service in this country – than to venture into fact – for instance, how many fires are actually put out.

The result of such inhibitions is a book of monumental dullness and, over large stretches, irrelevance; the sort of book which confines the discussion of British literature proper to a paragraph registering its existence and a mention of *The Times Lit. Sup.*, the aid given by the Arts Council to poetry readings, the James Tait Black Memorial Prize and the Kate Greenaway Medal for the best children's book illustration. Much of it reads like a Chamber of Commerce guide to a provincial town. This even monotone is likely to obscure the large merits of this volume as a clearly written compendium of masses of information, as well as its occasional exercises in statistical foreshortening. It may not take an expert to note that the statement 'today Britain is one of the world's four largest producers of steel' (p. 309) can also be made to read 'within the past few years our steel-production has once again been passed by the West Germans', or that the statement 'between 1½ and 1¾ millions are employers and self-employed' (p. 376) would sound differently, if phrased: 'in 1951 2.1 per cent. of the occupied population were employers, and 5.3 per cent. self-employed'. The connoisseur will amuse himself by noting which of the statistical tables or statements give comparable figures for earlier years, and which earlier years are chosen. There are some large variations.

What is more regrettable, the general greyness of the book may cause readers to overlook those sections which actually live up to the claims of the blurb-writers. Fortunately the excellent section on The Demographic Background (which includes subsections on social patterns and 'work and leisure') is not likely to be missed, as it comes at the very beginning. It has sufficient relation to the pattern of British life to tell us about matters as diverse as the number of pets, the pattern of summer holidays and the average length of the journey to work and shopping. On the other hand the section on Agriculture, which is a model of brief and factual lucidity, may well be overlooked. So may the very odd descriptive table of the press, which classifies *The Times* and *Financial Times* as politically 'independent', the *Daily Express* as 'independent conservative' and the *News of the World* as 'general political sympathies conservative'. Taking it all in all, a

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PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON, *N. Statesman*

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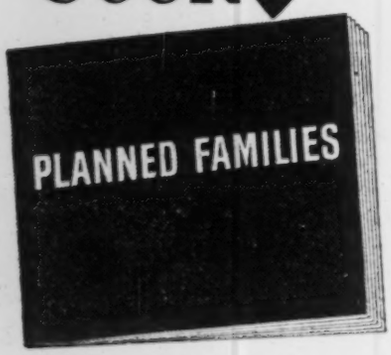

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strange book. It would be interesting to see what an intelligent Ecuadorian, whose views of Britain were formed exclusively by it, would actually make of the country.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Quinquereme of Nineveh and Other Places

The Ancient Mariners. By LIONEL CASSON. *Gollancz. 21s.*

Roman guilt-feelings seem to have attached themselves firmly to commerce. 'How well they lived under Saturn,' writes Tibullus, 'before the world was opened up by long voyages and no pine-tree ship had yet defiled the sky-blue waves.' The Romans were of course the inheritors of the enormous sea-borne trade of the Mediterranean; but because trade was a dirty little secret, literature except for satire left it on one side. However, a great deal of evidence has survived in oblique references, or in ship's papers preserved in Egyptian sand, in the archæology of ports and lately of the aqualung, and largely in forensic oratory; for with the enormous fortunes to be made, defaulting sea-captains were a commonplace. Naval history is well documented but short of detail. It is odd that the rowing-positions of so famous a ship as the Athenian trireme should have to be guessed from a line in Aristophanes about spitting, a word meaning 'by-out-rowing-apparatus' and a dockyard record of the number of oars supplied. Professor Casson is confident that the solution is back where it was sixty years ago—three banks obliquely above each other. But quad- and quinqueremes and the other numbers up to the huge 'forty' of Ptolemy IV were driven by several men to an oar.

The Ancient Mariners, like an easy-moving schooner on a fresh breeze, travels fast without apparent haste through the history of shipping from Egypt to Byzantium. Professor Casson can point to an impressive list of his articles in learned periodicals, so in this book he is inclined to play the bluff captain who wants no argument because he has made up his mind about the facts. I wish he had formed his style more firmly on the plain prose of *Sailing Directions* and kept clear of chatty clichés. And it seems rather brash of the publishers to put out his book in the American imprint without reminding us that the many estimates of tons-burthen are in American short-tons of 2000 lbs. What really matters, though, is that *The Ancient Mariners* is admirably informative about a fascinating range of subjects never before included in a single book. It deserves to be popular. I specially enjoyed the recurrent theme of piracy—or more precisely, of sea-raiding, for ports offered more certain prizes than ships. It was often considered as respectable as any other form of warfare: Odysseus claimed to be a pirate out of luck when he wanted a likely alias. Moreover the pirate's main commodity, slaves, furnished the industrial power of the ancient world; and a pirate-designed ship, the Liburnian, became the standard Roman warship. But the praise must go to those powers that effectively kept pirates down, Minoan Crete, Rhodes and finally Rome.

The sailing-minded will be delighted by Professor Casson's demonstration from a sarcophagus of the third century A.D. of fore-and-aft rig and close-hauled sailing. The 43 illustrations are cleverly chosen and worked as hard as they deserve.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

A Mirror of Soviet Reality

Smolensk Under Soviet Rule. By MERLE FAINSOD. *Macmillan. 50s.*

We have now at last a mass of evidence on life and local government in provincial Russia that is patently authentic, uncensored and unslanted. At the time of the German invasion in 1941, State and Communist Party officials in the western areas managed to remove or destroy the greater part of their confidential papers. However, the back files of Party Headquarters at Smolensk, covering the period 1917 to 1938, were left behind. Some 200,000 pages of documents were transported back to Germany, where, at the end of the war, they fell into American hands. *Smolensk Under Soviet Rule* is the outcome of a meticulous examination of this material by one of the most distinguished of Western experts.

In the early Twenties the area controlled by the Smolensk Party Headquarters had a population of some two million. In 1929 the formation of the Western Oblast brought the total to six million; though the area was later reduced, it still remained a sizeable sample of the empire. And because the Party is so intimately connected with every aspect of Soviet life, these files provide a fairly complete picture of what people in the provinces were doing and feeling and working for, throughout the whole period from the establishment of Bolshevik power to the great purges of the late Thirties. We are shown the small beginnings of the Party organisations, the life and hard times of the Party activists, the life and harder times of the peasants. (The details given of the muddles, achievements and tragedies of the collectivisation drive are especially revealing.) The story is one of harsh directives from above, of insecurity, of poverty and inadequate resources, and of a bitter struggle against inertia and a not always passive opposition.

Professor Fainsod's presentation is a model of clarity and scholarship. By way of introduction is a note on the nature and significance of the material with which he is dealing; and a further chapter describes the Smolensk area, its people and its history. An account is then given of the local Party organisation, its development and its crises; and the bulk of the book is devoted to Party efforts and popular reactions in various fields—agriculture, industry, the machinery of justice, police and security organs, education, censorship, religion. The author's summing-up is contained in the final pages. *Smolensk Under Soviet Rule* is not only a substantial contribution to recent history; for anyone with a real interest in and with even a small knowledge of Soviet affairs, it is a book of absorbing and unusual human interest.

DAVID FOOTMAN

The Soviet Crucible (Van Nostrand, 51s.) is a collection of extracts made by Samuel Hendel from the writings of 'men who shaped Soviet history', along with commentaries by Isaac Deutscher, E. H. Carr, Harrison E. Salisbury and other writers. In *Soviet Economic Aid* (Oxford, for the American Council of Foreign Relations, 35s.) Joseph S. Berliner has surveyed Russian trade agreements and economic and technical assistance in underdeveloped countries. Other recent American studies available here are *China's Early Industrialization* by Albert Feuerwerker—the first of the Harvard East Asian Studies (Oxford, 52s.), and a Harvard Russian Research Centre volume, *The Communist Party of Poland* by M. K. Dziewanowski (Oxford, 60s.).

Catholic or Intellectual?

Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter. By SIMON DE BEAUVOIR. Translated by JAMES KIRKUP *Weidenfeld & Nicolson* with *André Deutsch* 30s.

Like George Eliot, with whose life and development she has some things in common, Mlle Simone de Beauvoir is a singularly ungenial writer of brilliant intelligence and stern moral curiosity. Irony appears only in the title of her autobiography. To be just, the English novelist has her comical and good-natured moments. The comparison is clinched half-way through this account of 20 years of Mlle de Beauvoir's life. It was reading *The Mill on the Floss* that made her decide to become a writer. Maggie Tulliver in religious difficulties, at war with her parents, was herself, and the intense little triangle that lies between the Boulevard Raspail, the Boulevard St. Germain and the Sorbonne was her Warwickshire; the repression not Methodistical, but Catholic and bourgeois. If the English Victorian seems to us solemnly overweighted, the French lady born in 1908 is sensitive but vehement. The emancipation of women has been slower to come in France; but there is less unordered emotion in the French lady than in the English. Mlle de Beauvoir is clear, honest, an excellent psychologist, and the central part of her book, which carefully takes the years between thirteen and seventeen to pieces, is admirable. One has had a surfeit of early childhoods, male and female; one has had a surfeit of male adolescents; but I do not remember having read a girl's adolescent life being done before, with anything like Mlle de Beauvoir's pleasant precision.

Undoubtedly, this is a self-centred book bound by an idea: the girl was intended to be a nice girl, knowing nice people, making a good marriage and asking as few questions about *that* as possible. Her father, a cultivated, disdainful man, had married just such a girl. To be nice meant being strictly Catholic, which in turn meant the social ostracism of families called 'intellectual' or which had lapsed. Catholic or intellectual? French life has been acrimoniously and conventionally split for more than 150 years on this issue; to change sides is to lose caste. The Beauvoirs became arthritic with propriety. M. de Beauvoir was the saddened gentleman, too aloof and superior to succeed and therefore unable to make the socially impressive marriage for his daughter. His character is presented with affection at first, for the girl adored him; but she is obliged to record that when he recognised his own failure, his character coarsened. He who had been exquisitely affable among his equals or superiors, became loud, resentful and vulgar when his fortunes pushed him down into low society. To the severely brought-up girl, whose letters were opened, whose reading was censored, and who had to fight for knowledge inch by inch, it seemed that both her parents were punishing her for their own failure, or the failure of the gloomy code they lived by. The bourgeois niceness meant the bourgeois sadness. Surrendering, they were most shocked by her determination not to teach in a Catholic school such as the wretched place to which she had been sent. Surrendering again, they despised her for refusing to think of the intellectual life as the collecting of money-making certificates and diplomas.

Mlle de Beauvoir is not writing family history for its own sake. She might be more genial, though far less interesting, if she were. She is out to expose self-mutilating and stupid aspects of bourgeois niceness. She is concerned with what happened to her mind, heart, and her friends who came from a similar background. She is wonderfully sensitive to the changing phases of feeling; the devout period, the loss of conventional faith, the escape into mysticism, the stern return to reason. Nothing didactic or even explanatory here. It is full of life – linked with crushes on friends, family battles over books and holidays and young men. Renouncing Catholic teaching, she retained the Catholic attitude to chastity, which is puritanical and class-conscious. When religion no longer defends chastity, then pride, disgust, terror take religion's place. She has far less freedom than an Anglo-Saxon Protestant girl of the same upbringing, but when she does get freedom then something of her mother's violence breaks out in her – she hangs about low bars among tarts and pimps, vulgarly provoking men and turning on them with all the ugliness of chastity turned perverse. She escapes from this ferocious, insulting, glass-smashing, teenager state, after one or two frights. Her father was very nearly right in his sneer that her brain might make her inferior as a woman. Finally, recovering her mind, she works hard for the life she wants, slower to grow up emotionally than her friends, but growing faster in mind and into a real freedom and its dignity.

There is no yearning, moaning or bosom-beating, no personal excess in Mlle de Beauvoir's account of this turgid period of her life. She avoids her earlier faults of pretension and strenuousness. There are no fixed rancours, but she gracefully records change and growth. In France self-centredness is not regarded as a crime. To it we may owe self-knowledge if at the risk of becoming prigs. She is able to see her situation as that of a whole circle of friends growing up in different ways, at different speeds. She sees how, for years, friends will misread each other's feelings, how some fall apart at the very moment of understanding, how all human relationships are shifting. Her perceptions of the movements of the growing heart are delicate. The foreign reader will be struck by the enormous pressure that bourgeois Catholicism imposes, and how many who resist exhaust all their energy in resistance. The Beauvoir family's religion was a kind of melancholy strongpoint for the defence of their class. It ceased to have the vitalising force of faith. The best parts of this book recall the precision of Santayana's autobiography which, in a different way, is one of the best analyses of religious and family claustrophobia ever written. Mr Kirkup's translation is good.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Literary Lions

Henderson the Rain King. By SAUL BELLOW. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16s.

Some of us are very suspicious of novels about people who go off looking for something. These stories so often end: 'He had found what he was looking for. He had found himself'. Mr Bellow pulls this theme out of disrepute by pumping guts into it, guts and colour and drive such as we do not often see in our fiction nowadays. He has this great ability to take a normally static text and keep it moving; the effect is of having brought up the topic of the meaning of life with the Harlem Globetrotters.

This is a first-person novel involving an extremely garrulous and loquacious 'I'. Henderson is a disenchanted millionaire who keeps pigs, scrapes at the violin and has an obsession about his teeth; he is a big man who feels chaos in a big way. 'America is so big, and everybody is working, making, digging, bulldozing, trucking, loading, and so on, and I guess the sufferers suffer at the same rate.' He goes to Africa where he meets a king with whom he has abstruse discussions on life-needs; the king believes that his soul will eventually dwell in a lion, therefore he and

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NC. 1

Henderson commune with lions and try to feel leonine; eventually the king is killed by one.

Henderson's Africa does not have any real geographical location – it is just 'the middle of Africa', a pretend land raised for allegorical effect. The drawback of it is that there are whole passages in this book where there are no sounds or smells; things happen only because the narrator says they are happening. The colour is still there, but it is flat colour – he is vividly describing a backdrop. Thus, if we are going to get inside the story at all, we must involve ourselves wholeheartedly in Mr Bellow's allegory. We must accept every lion that comes along not as a lion but as a challenge or a truth or as part of the answer to part of the question. This is all very well, but when Henderson sets off home – with a lion cub as his only luggage – we are entitled to know something of the results of the experiences he has had. I felt that the reader was left, so to speak, holding the baby lion.

For all that, *Henderson the Rain King* is a powerful novel, the best, I think, that Mr Bellow has produced so far. Henderson is about half a dozen of civilisation's archetypes rolled into one rich, bloated, disturbed being, a proxy hero delegated to go into the world crying, 'I want, I want', without knowing what. 'Why was I travelling like this?. . . It was like the question asked by Tennyson about the flower in the crannied wall. That is, to answer it might involve the history of the universe.' It is the history of the universe that Mr Bellow is concerned with, no less – at a period when the universe is spiritually at a loose end.

The novel is patterned into a deliberate sprawl, it is a book with its belly hanging out of its trousers. The characterisation is brilliant, but not without flaws. Mr Bellow, to my mind, has always been a shade too generous with memorable characters called Mama, etc., causing reviewers to reach for the word 'Dickensian.' In this present novel I could have done without the set-piece walk-on part of the old woman who sits up in a tree with her cats, drinking canned beer. 'Colourful' portraits such as this debase the tortured eccentricity of the central character. Henderson is more than an unforgetttable character, he is a way of life.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Shorter Review

The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution. By C. P. SNOW. *Cambridge.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The first 'sketch', as he calls it, of C. P. Snow's 1959 Rede Lecture appeared in this journal in October 1956. Its title, 'The Two Cultures', established his thesis: that there are in western society, and in this country perhaps more than any other, two cultures, the literary and the scientific, that exist side by side but interpenetrate each other scarcely more than did Disraeli's two nations. Never the twain shall meet – but they must, as Snow shows, eloquently and with a wealth of illustration, if Britain is to keep her place in the world and, more than that, if the West is to win the struggle for the under-privileged countries of the world. Snow's thesis is not likely to be easily controverted, and its exposition is marked by humanistic passion as generous as it is urgent.

This year's Rede Lecture is nothing if not a call to action; and it bristles with so many points of interest which in the space of a single lecture its author could do no more than glance at, that one hopes now that the lecture itself may be regarded as the 'sketch' for a full-length book. Snow touches, for example, on the self-evident fact that, in an age made by science, many of its most influential writers – Yeats, Pound, Lewis, Eliot, Lawrence – have been against the age, anti-scientific and often politically reactionary. Why has liberal humanism, which is based on a scientific view of man and the universe, failed on the whole to produce a body of literature adequate to it? The question seems inseparable from the problem of the two cultures. As one looks back on the course of literature since the Industrial Revolution in the light of Snow's lecture, what seems to emerge is that the case for science itself either has never been properly put or that it needs constant re-statement. That literary intellectuals have been and are 'natural Luddites', as Snow calls them, literary history seems to prove. But why have they been allowed – from Carlyle, Arnold, Ruskin onwards to Eliot – so much to have their own way, despite the Huxleys and H. G. Wells? *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* will help to redress the balance; but, if he will, Snow can go much further in doing so.

W. A.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,528 **Set by Longstop**

'I just couldn't stand more cricket' a Test cricketer's ex-fiancée is reported to have said. Competitors are incited to write a Blast against Cricket in either heroic couplets or *vers libre.* Limit, 16 lines. Entries by 16 June.

Result of No. 1,525 **Set by Porson**

Competitors are invited to produce an epigram of not more than four lines on the proposal to allow German and Russian as alternatives to Latin in the Oxford Responsions. Latin not ruled out.

Report

This four-part subject excited scores of epigrammatists – pro-Latin almost to a man. Only two faced the future with approval: A. Pinch, writing in Russian, saw the sputnik as the heir to Peter the Great, opening in reverse a window on to Russia; and F. Hargreaves asked, 'Can Latin by compulsion Serve an age of jet propulsion?' The main body of legionary troops, a line of battle having been drawn up on the plain, hurled their darts at the barbarians: 'The barbarous tongues that Goths and Teutons speak' (Alberick). 'Barbaric gutturals in German knit' (Miss E. Paterson). Of the Latinists Oswald Dilke began well with '*Sauromatae, Cimbri vicistis*' but went on doggedly, '*Nemo Latine Scribere curabit*'; two couplets arrived with a punch:

> Si nequeunt iuvenes linguam cognoscere cultam,
> Barbara num melius lingua placebit eis?
> (B. B. Causer)
>
> Lingua Latina tacet, fluitat qua Camus et Isis
> Pierides fugiunt: vis nuclearis ave.
> (J.P. III)

John Welch's lines have a deep Roman note of rhetorical disapproval, but are, I think, nearer prose:

> 'Qui linguam Graecam discunt
> Vitia Gracecorum exhauriunt
> Num aliis artibus addent Oxonienes filii
> Pravitates vel Muscoviae vel Berolini?

On the whole I preferred the native-auxiliaries who hurled their own rude stones, often in excellent fourth lines, as 'The Volga tongue will surely suit the Don' (Nancy Gunter), 'It'll still be the home of lost clauses' (Stanley Sharpless), 'And Rome's declined now Rome's declined no more' (Gerda Mayer). At this point I find I am left with eleven epigrams and though none perhaps had real, tight, memorable bite, each of them was neat, pointed, original. May I apologise to Winifred Parsons, Apple Tree, Alan Wallis and Jeremiah Sowerby for dismissing them unprized, unquoted, and suggest that a first prize of three guineas be divided between W. G. Daish and Molly Hobman, and the remainder of the prize-money be shared by the five others whose verses are printed below? And will Anon please furnish name and address?

> Latin stinks, they said,
> Because it is dead.
> Of tongues you may pick
> Which stink while quick.
> W. G. DAISH

> See the result of European Crisis
> Tartar and Hun triumphant on the Isis.
> Oxford, resolved on military knowledge,
> Instals a worden horse in every college.
> MOLLY HOBMAN

> Ah, Dodgett, you said
> You'd rather speak
> A tongue that's not dead:
> Well, how about Greek?
> BARBARA ROE

> Backed by the strength of the schoolmaster's rod
> Boys used to struggle with *qui, quae* and *quod.*
> Uranium rods, in reaction no doubt,
> Favour German and Russian; Latin, fall out.
> TOM NAISBY

> The Latin Scholar need have no regrets
> That like the Roman Empire his must fall:
> Declension's practised by the Soviets
> And Germany's divided, as was Gaul.
> D. R. PEDDY

> Some blokes sez as wot the libra's ormost dead
> an kopex an marx is bofe cummin insted.
> doan unnerstan it carnt say i ever did
> but I'll make bloody certain there's a quo pro quid!
> J. E. CHERRY

> Reject a note, and Nein's as good as Niet,
> Or No or Non (what matters it?); no less
> It's odd we think in negatives and yet
> May scrap the tongue that never formed a Yes
> ANON

The Chess Board

No. 499. Up the QP!

Most of us dislike being surprised by statistics, we like them to repeat the obvious such as the facts that about three games out of four begin with one of the Q-side openings; that the K-Indian is by far the most favoured defence to P-Q4; that the English opening is gaining favour; that the Ruy is almost invariably met by the Morphy Defence and that most people prefer the Sicilian anyway when confronted by P-K4. These facts emerged from a survey of 280 games from recent grandmaster practice, and just to add a pinch of spice to make us shake our heads rather than nod them, there is the surprising fact that the vaunted K-Indian won only 8 games out of 47 for the defender, 21 having been won by White. I have no doubt, though (and it seems a consoling thought) that a survey of some other batch of games might well reverse those figures. However that may be, the statistics quoted are merely a fragment of the variegated and fairly comprehensive fare offered in *Chess* by Harry *Golombek* and Hubert *Phillips* (publ. by *Witherby* at 35*s.*). When a writer as prolific and scholarly as Phillips (and no mean chessist, either) joins forces with Golombek's specialised experience and erudition the result is bound to be formidable. What they offer on 434 well-indexed and copiously diagrammed pages is, indeed, too much rather than too little. There are chapters on the mechanics and the very rudiments of chess, as well as on the openings, the middle game and the endings; there are a good many illustrative games, there's a bit on the history of the game and a chapter on the laws and even the etiquette of chess Yet, when it comes to something like, say, the Chatard attack in the French, there is space only for the first few moves [up to (6) P-KR4, P-QB4; (7) BxB,

QxB] and a note that the position "is rich in possibilities for both sides". I think there ought to be a quarter page for indicating why and how Black may now have to sacrifice the exchange or even a R and how he could avoid that daring line by (6) . . . P-KB3 or . . . P-QR3 or by (7) . . . KxB. The space for some such slightly more elucidating treatment could be gained by a somewhat less generous use of diagrams. My only other grudge is that, what with 30 problems and merely 4 studies the didactic value of the latter is underrated; but I have nothing but praise for the lucid explanation of the points that matter in the games, such as this perfect specimen (Kan-Boleslavsky, 1952) of Black-square-domination.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; (3) Kt-KB3, B-Kt2; (4) P-KKt3, O-O; (5) B-Kt2, P-Q3; (6) O-O, QKt-Q2; (7) Q-B2, P-K4; (8) R-Q1, R-K1; (9) Kt-B3, P-B3; (10) P-K4? (P-Kt3!), PxP; (11) KtxP, Q-K2; (12) P-KR3, Kt-B4; (13) P-B3? (R-K1!), P-QR4; (14) P-KKt4, KKt-Q2; (15) R-Kt1, Kt-K4; (16) P-Kt3, P-B4; (17) KPxP, PxP; (18) PxP, Kt(K4)-Q6!; (19) RxKt, KtxR; (20) QxKt, Q-K8 ch; (21) B-B1, Q-Kt6 ch; (22) K-R1, R-K8, (23) B-K3, QxRP ch; (24) K-Kt1, Q-Kt6 ch; (25) K-R1, Q-R5 ch; (26) K-Kt2, RxQB!; (27) QxR, BxKt; (28) Q-K8 ch, K-Kt2; (29) P-B6 ch, BxP; (30) Q-K4, Q-Kt4 ch; (31) Resigns.

A: Henri Rinck

The 4-pointer should be tractable even for beginners when they consider my useful hint that this is a perfect example of pin and counter-pin. White is to win, same as in **B** and **C,** most instructive pieces too and not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

B: M. Eisenstadt. /16/4P3/k1Kt4r/8/K3Kt3/16/.

C: H. G. M. Weenink. /16/P7/4k3/7B/8/1K6/6r1/.

REPORT on No. 496. Set 16 May

A: (1) Kt-B7 ch; (2) Kt-Q6 ch; (3) Kt-Kt5 ch; (4) Kt-Q4 ch; (5) K-Q6 ch; (6) Kt-Kt3 ch; (7) Kt-Q2 mate.

B: (1) Kt-B5; (2) B-KB4; (3) R-K5; (4) Kt-Q5; (5) R-B5 ch; (6) P-B4; (7) Q-Kt5 ch, PxQ mate.

C: (1) R-Q1; (2) Kt-Q2 etc. Remove Kt: (1) P-R5, P-R5; (2) K-K8, K-B2; (3) B x R ch, K-B1; (4) P-B4, B any; (5) R-Q8 mate. Remove g&hP: R-Kt2-Kt7-Q7.

D: (1) Kt-R3, KtxKt (best); (2) K-B8!!, P—Q (best); (3) B-B3!, Q-Q8 (KKt8) (4) Kt-B7 ch, K-R2; (5) B-Q4 ch, QxB; (6) Kt-Kt5 ch, KtxKt stalemate.

E: (1) R-R7 ch!, K-K3; (2) R-R1, Kt-B6 ch; (3) K-R6!!, Kt-Kt8, (4) R-K1 ch, K-B2; (5) B-Q6!, P—Q; (6) R-K7 ch, K-Kt1; (7) R-K8 ch, K-R2; (8) R-K7 ch; K-Kt3; (9) R-K6 ch, K-B4; (10) R-K5 ch, K-Kt5; (11) R-K4 ch, K-B4; (12) R-K5 ch, K-B3; (13) RxRP!! etc.

Points galore, though quite a few were dropped over **D** and/or **E.** Prizes: C. Allen, K. Beaumont, R. C. Chaturvedi, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Sobey. While I am abroad (all June) entries to be forwarded in time, must reach the office by Monday. ASSIAC

City Lights

United Outsiders

The outsiders are going ahead with it. Officials from the seven OEEC countries left outside the Common Market are meeting in Stockholm this week to discuss the details of their little free trade area. If they make the progress they are expected to make, a meeting of ministers will probably take place before the end of the month. Not everything will be plain sailing, of course. Sweden, Switzerland and Norway are dead keen; but Austria is faintly uneasy about the whole business, and Denmark, anxious about her trade with Germany, would much prefer the Benelux plan to resume negotiations on a European free trade area. The odds, for all that, are on the little free trade area going forward.

The main purpose of forming a free trade area of the Seven is to force the Six into negotiation. There is little doubt that the lowering of trade barriers – which could be done much more quickly than in the Common Market – would divert a good deal of trade towards it. Germany, in particular, which last year exported slightly more to the Seven than to the Six, has a good deal to lose and France can scarcely relish the idea of an even more determined German attack on her domestic market. The gamble, therefore, may come off: it may, on the other hand, either deepen the rift in Europe or undermine the Common Market.

The Germans would be watching the Stockholm discussions with more concern if they were less completely absorbed in the matter of choosing Dr Adenauer's successor. The party, indeed, made its choice long ago – jovial, confident, popular Dr Ludwig Erhard, author of the German miracle. Dr Adenauer, however, is sticking as obstinately as ever to his own candidate, Herr Etzel, the only man he can trust to comprehend his ideas about a Franco-German axis and to preserve them as the basis of foreign policy.

* * *

The stock markets are still bubbling away wildly. Wall Street was touching a new high point when the Federal Reserve Board pushed up its discount rate last week and went calmly on to touch a still higher point the following day. In London, too, the market is extremely buoyant and speculation so strong that everyone is on the hunt for a good rumour to put their money on. Companies are being floated right and left, and most issues are resoundingly stagged, particularly anything to do with property. The latest property issue was nearly 50 times over-subscribed and the shares which had been offered at 10s 6d rose to 26s 9d within three days. The directors – two of them husband and wife – then announced that new assets sufficient to double the size of the company were to be acquired through the issue of shares at 27s 6d and that the interim dividend forecast in the prospectus was to be doubled.

The property boom now extends to brewery shares, and particularly to Watney. The directors are still working on their counterblast to Mr Clore, and Mr Clore is waiting on the counterblast: things are moving a good deal too leisurely for the taste of people used to punting in the property market.

* * *

A new scheme was published this week for buying shares on a loan backed by an endowment insurance policy: the advantage, of course, is that the Inland Revenue will be subsidising you to the extent of the tax relief granted on insurance premiums, on buying shares as it has long done on buying houses. It is time that somebody got round to asking whether all the special tax concessions now serve any purpose but to complicate the tax structure and help the surtax-payer.

The question of tax privilege arises again out of the Chancellor's hint that National Savings rates may have to be cut sooner or later. The first result of this hint, no doubt, will be yet another last-minute rush to stock up with certificates while the present, extremely attractive rates are still going, but it is certainly true that the building societies will object strongly if the rate on savings certificates is not cut when the flow of money into their own movement begins to slacken. There are, nevertheless, arguments either for keeping National Savings rates where they are or for increasing the permitted holding of certificates and bonds: the private capitalist is no longer interested in lending to the government on Consols, whatever the rate of interest, and has to be wooed with the offer of a capital profit. It is, of course, convenient to wrap this fact up in a tax concession ostensibly aimed at the small saver.

TAURUS

Take a hand of tobacco leaf...

bind the leaves tight with sail cord . . . store in a cool cellar for weeks . . . unbind and cut into thin slices . . . rub a slice between your hands and smell . . . ah, that rich, full-flavoured aroma tells you it is matured. . . ready for your pipe and the most truly satisfying smoke you've ever had.

What's that? You haven't the ingredients handy? Don't worry. You can buy tobacco, made from this 60 year old recipe, in a 1-oz tin, sealed to keep fresh, at any tobacconist for 5/0½d. Just ask for

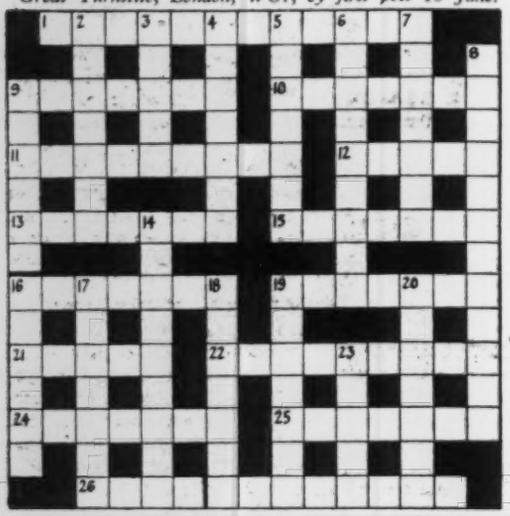
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE
JOHN PLAYER & SONS

Player's *Navy Cut* De LUXE

NCT 1083

Week-end Crossword 358

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 358, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 16 June.



ACROSS

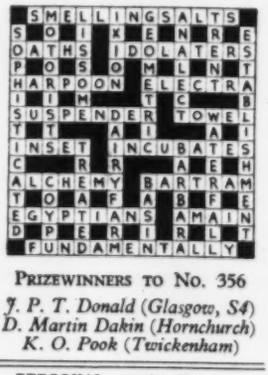
1. The blustering fellow has a second to clean the shield (12).
9. West needs such a spell at the game to make gambling successes (7).
10. Is in Syria and may go to China (7).
11. It is used in the scullery to outwit the clergy (9).
12. Head north for a plate (5).
13. It makes the tunes passionate but fails to make a hit at the ball (7).
15. Acting status of a sailor in an examination reverse (7).
16. Second of relationships for weaklings (7).
19. There is a party behind the victory in the centre of this town (7).
21. Shades of hair? (5).
22. For the moment I have a helper involved about me (9).
24. The incident exists in a poem (7).
25. Without the captain our glory would have been reduced to a joke (7).
26. Plucky substitutes discover where animals live (4, 8).

DOWN

2. Gains about a penny on the gold castle (7).
3. Oriental philosopher, by the sound of it (5).
4. The plant makes a kinsman rise above wrong (7).
5. Conflicts of a boy in form (7).
6. Behold, the leading witch and I are not nostalgic people (9).
7. Settled for the night, rest and do nothing perhaps (7).
8. Apparently friendly about a man with a Latin name (12).
9. A fine time for one who counts in Delhi (6, 6).
14. Piece of bad weather with one mysteriously lost in the damage (9).
17. Being scared of the supreme comic? (7).
18. This animal is a goddess among rising artists (7).
19. 'Most —— of political improvement are very laughabout things' (Johnson) (7).
20. Constraint in which a man endures separation from his beloved (7).
23. Specialise as an Orwellian character (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 356



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 356

J. P. T. Donald (Glasgow, S4)
D. Martin Dakin (Hornchurch)
K. O. Pook (Twickenham)

PERSONAL

THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR WAR ON WANT

200,000 Algerian refugees are adrift in rocky sands. Mostly they are old people and children. Without enough food many will die. Tents exist for only 400 sick. The Sirocco is blowing. Rags are falling away leaving no coverage. Blankets are rare. In the name of pity please send us help. Not one penny is deducted for expenses. Every penny goes direct. Please send your gift, large or small, to The Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, MP, 9 Madeley Road, Ealing, W5.

DYING CHILDREN PLEAD FOR HELP

YNG man 32 sks companion (m) for walking holiday Southern Spain Sept./Oct. Ints photography, music, Nat. Hist. Box 8952.

GIRL student, fluent French, German, sks post July-Aug. England, abroad. Expd mother's help, houseworker. Refs. Box 8814.

AUSTRIAN girl student seeks employment, pocket money, to perfect English, June/July. School or domestic. Box 8938.

ENERGETIC woman teacher, early forties, seeks outdoor work from mid-July to early Sept. or part thereof. Box 8997.

PART-time occupation (Sat./Sun. evenings) sought by young woman. Willing to look after invalid or similar task. Box 8881.

WANTED evening secretl work typing or ghost writing with author return for mod. payment & wkdy accom. Lon. Box 8884.

4 or 6 wks, from 25 July, occupation reqd for sgle schoolmaster, 30, own car. Paid or unpaid – anything. Box 8982.

RUSSIAN conversation lessons by a Russian lady NW district. Box 8999.

ITALIAN holiday Rimini area, car leaving London 29 July retng 20 August; space for 2 passengers, share exps. Box 8981.

GOING to Verona? Seat in car wanted; 2 weeks 15 July-9 August. (m). Box 9077.

CAR seat available London-Venice and return. Depart 4 July, return 25 July. Travel costs shared. Box 8911.

WEEK of House-Partying with international set in converted Suffolk coaching Inn. Dances, Socials, 7 tennis courts, club-house, liberal arts discussion circles. Youthful in spirit only need apply. Weekly from 14 June. £10 inc. Half Moon House, Clare, Suffolk.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artist's attractive old house overlooking harbour. Large, secluded garden. Box 8832.

INFORMAL music group. Amateur players invited. Quartets etc. Mrs Dunn, HAM 8109.

JULY (2nd half) in Paris. Wd any yng lowbrow (m.) come & help Frenchman brush up English? Fare & exps only. Box 8946.

UNMARRIED mum (or similar), one child, offered home and small salary in exchange domestic duties. Box 8897.

BECHSTEIN Grand for sale, perfect condition, £150. London area. Box 9060.

FLATS, co-op. non-profit venture. Large mortgage, easy repayments. Interested? Write Box 8974.

TO let 25 July to 10 Sept. pleasant flat, wooded suburb 15 m. Paris Montparnasse, 4 rooms, 4 beds, bth., kitch., refr., tel., h. wat., lovely view. £200. Bruan, 60 route des Gardes, Meudon, Seine & Oise.

PERSONAL—continued

PARENTS of four welcome children 8-16 as paying hol. guests in spac. Thameside home. Tennis, swimming, boating. 8 gns p.w. Mrs Silberman, Strangers, Bourne End, Bucks.

OLDER people who are alone in the world are invited to get into touch with another with a view to joining forces if mutually agreeable. Humanist, interested educ., serious theatre & most left-wing approaches, but welcoming discn. & work with people of different but tolerant outlook, anywhere. Box 8951.

SUNBATHING is nicer without clothes in lovely Herts woodland: games courts, new 22ft × 60ft swimming pool, large comfortable clubhouse. Write 'Fiveacres', NS/43, 330 Green Lanes, N4.

ANTIBES. Bedroom, sleep three, shower, kitchen-dining room. June to October. Schierano, 12 Ave, Mirabeau, Antibes.

ITALIAN Riviera fully eqppd flats to let, nr sea. Sleep 3/9. Reas. Box 8953.

ITALIAN Riviera. Villa to let, vacancies June, July. Private, modern. SWI. 4723.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655 for details.

WE meet to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, journals, articles, books. Box 8524.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

INTERESTED in the theatre? Questors Theatre, Mattock Lane, Ealing, has vacancies for members. All members invited to help run this famous amateur theatre with a reputation for new plays and new methods of production. Next prod.; English première of 'The Scythe and the Sunset' by Denis Johnston. Membership details: EAL. 5184.

READING & Discussion in good company. One-year residential course in History, Literature, Economics, Political Theory, Psychology, etc, for women over 20. (Perhaps a step to a wider career.) Recog. Min. of Educ. Grants avail. Scholarship for Labour Party Members. Consult Sec. (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

INTELLIGENCE. May we test yours? Mensa needs more very bright people for postal research panel. 9" × 4". S.a.e.: MSA 'Sandringham', Briscoe Rd, Rainham, Essex.

HOMOSEXUALITY calls for understanding, not persecution. If you think that the law should be changed, write to: The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

BRAZIERS Expeditions: 26 June., St Albans; 3 Jul., Stonehenge; 10 Jul., Oxford; 17 Jul., Winchester; 24 Jul., Stratford-on-Avon. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. (Checkendon 221.)

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept. N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

PERSONAL—continued

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

GERMAN, all levels, classes & private lessons. Ashley College, GER. 8782.

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VISAPHONE for Foreign Languages: 9 LP records & 2 bks in case. French & German, 8 gns. Interpret for Foreign Holidays: 3 LP records & 2 bks. French, Spanish, Italian and German. £3 10s. Free trial, post free. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone NS) 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS 7223

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept 104, TV Writing School, 7 Harley St, London W1.

HOLIDAY Help. Foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. AC Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

A GIFT – complete Mobile Film Unit, comprising 3-year-old fitted Bedford Dormobile, 3 projectors and speakers, screens transformers, etc., etc. £650 o.n.o. To view by appointment contact London Co-operative Society, Education Dept, 13 Soho Sq, W1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the inplacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

FOREIGN girls domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. & offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

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THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

PERSONAL—continued

HUNTING for a bargain? You'll find a treasure store of household, personal and fashion goods at the YWCA's Nearly New Shop, 5, Dorset Street (off Baker Street), London, W1. Enquiries – stamped addressed envelope please.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent, also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

FOOD AND DRINK

GLYNDEBOURNE? Dine at 'The Key' – it's on the way & cheaper. Or come anyway & bring your wine. Chelwood Gate 66.

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SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and Girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John H. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWIss Cottage 3391.) Small group of weekly and full boarders accepted. Weekends and Summer holidays (with French children) at our country house in Chiltern Hills. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorks. Independent co-educational, to Univ. entrance. Well-staffed for both Science and Arts. Unusual facilities for Music, Pottery, Wood and Metalwork. Junior Dept. 8-11. Scholarships available occasionally, one now, max. value £150, for intelligent girl. Headmaster: Kenneth C. Barnes.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Warburton Scholarship in Local Government. Applications are invited for the above Scholarship for research in local government, the law relating to local government, or comparative local government. The Scholarship is tenable for one year and is of the value of £400. It is open to graduates of this or any other approved University, and applications are acceptable from students who expect to graduate this summer. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

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NEWLY converted flatlets, excel. cooking facs., close to Finchley Road Tube Stn. 'Phone between 5 & 8, MAI. 4445.

LIGHT spac. sgle divan rm, c.h., c.h.w., linen, china. Separate cooking, share bath, NW2. Transport good. 3 gns. WIL. 6025.

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KITCHENETTE, 2 rooms; quiet, convenient trains; references, business professional woman, £11 monthly. Box 8921.

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S/C. furnished flat, 2 rooms, k. & b., close to Finchley Road Tube Station. Apply between 5 & 8, 72 Goldhurst Terrace, NW6.

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FURNISHED, Chiswick, W4. 2 bedrms, living-rm, breakfast-rm, kit., bathrm, w.c., garden, tel. 5½ gns. Ring Redgrove CHI. 6924.

NEWLY dec., comfortable, large b/s. Own cooking facs, all amenities. TUD. 2623.

LITTLE Venice. Furnished flat, 2 rooms, large kitchen, bathroom, tel., frig., garden. S/c. Mid-June for up to 6 months, £33 per month. Box 9056.

LONDON, SE20, entirely s/c flat, 4 large rooms, k. and b. and lav., garden (if reqd), available. Good lease 4 years for £600 or at 4 gns. a week inc. Lease renewable cheaper for 7 subsequent years. Box 9062.

DELIGHTFUL bed-sitter to let Finsbury Park. CANonbury 4193.

DOUBLE bed-sitting room to let, con. h.w., suitable business people. CUN. 4284.

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FLATLET, s/c. bed-sitting, kitchen-dining room, private, quiet house Hampstead Garden Suburb. SPE. 7684.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

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FLATLET nr Marble Arch. Self-cont. fully furn. Plate, linen, etc., central heating, constant hot water, elec. for ckg. Inc. rent £5 5s a wk. Tel.: AMB. 4137 or AMB. 7271.

STUDIO with small furn. bed-room, all facs, NW2. 4 gns. GLA. 9088 after 6.

SUNNY furnished divan room, gas ring, share bathroom. 45s. MOU. 5916.

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CHARMING, independent, small sunny bed-sit. in lovely house, bkfast. Excel. transp. 45s. 8 The Highlands. EDGware 3978.

MODERN flat, 2 bedrms, sit-rm, k. & b. Suit 3 prof./bus. Nr District. PUT 3713.

TWO girls, 25, require 3rd to share Chalk Farm flat. Own room, 3 gns. inc. c.h.w., cent. heating. PRI. 3082.

UNFURN. six-roomed flat in Hornsey £175 p.a., inc. f. & f. £700. Box 8421.

FOUR-berth caravan, fully equipped, vacs. July, Sept. 6 gns. p.w. Near sea and Downs, Sussex. Box 9061.

HOUSE, furn., Sussex village, sea and Downs; sleeps 6; free July, Aug. & Sept. 10 gns. p.w., min. 1 month. Box 9059.

AUTHOR'S secluded thatched cottage, midway London-Cambridge, sleep 6 at a pinch, large garden, elec., water, Elsan, near shop, bus, pub. Let furnished August-April inc.; £12 month. Children welcome. Box 9074.

SEAFORD. Well-equipped modern house 31 July–5 Sept. Sea 150 yds. Ideal for children. Sleep 8. Daily help. Box 8496.

CORNISH Cottage, isolated bet. sea & farm, fur. 4 rms & bthrm. Calor, tel., poss. elec., deliveries. 1 yr min. £2 wk. Box 8824.

ANGLESEY. Fully furnished house to let for the month of August. Sleep six, modern conveniences, lock-up garage. Within easy reach of sea and mountain. Box 8939.

GARDENER offered chalet: also caravan to let. Girdlestone, Kenton, Exeter.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

DOCTOR & wife req. furn. flat early Sept. within 5 mls Stockwell. Box 9026.

FLAT required September. Scientist & wife. Easy access Chelsea. Box 8972.

2 teachers sk s/c. furn. flat, max £4 10s. Canonbury Sq., Islington area. Box 8968.

WRITER needing privacy July-Sept., will caretake empty house or cottage anywhere. Box 9025.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

PROFESSIONAL woman, retiring, seeks two unfurnished rooms, kitchen & bathroom, inner London. Box 8728.

WRITER and wife seek rented unfurn. roomy old house, long let, 5 largish rooms, 80 mins London, not commuter district, quiet essen., excell. refs. Box 8744.

COTTAGE or small house with grand piano wanted in country anywhere GB. 4 weeks from mid-August. Box 8969.

EXCHANGE ACCOMMODATION

EXCHANGE Highgate, 3-rmd cen. heated flat, balcony, garden, view, garage. £185 p.a. for 3/5 rms Hampstead. MOU. 4695.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

OLD Wheatsheaf, Stow Maries. Compact converted Essex pub, on village street. Warm, comf., mod. cons, gdn, garage, handy sailing. Domestic treasure avail. wkly. £2,250. Write/tel. Purleigh (Essex) 367.

CORNWALL. Freehold terrace house, 2 beds, 2 rec., mod. grates, spacious kitchen fitted Rayburn, bathrm, indoor sanit., gdn. 5 mins Gunnislake Stn & main Tavistock-Callington bus route. Box 8750.

RICHMOND Hill. Architect's own unique conversion, consisting of enormous living room, 17 ft high, studio 17 ft by 15 ft, 2 double bedrooms, splendidly equipped kitchen & bathroom, workshop, small darkroom, all in immaculate decorative order. No garden. Freehold £3,950. Box 8965.

LAND WANTED

BUILDING Land wanted urgently, with or without buildings. Peak prices paid. M. V. Raphael, Ltd, 11 Kelvedon Way, Caversham. Phone Reading 71453.

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LAKESIDE HOLIDAYS

You will enjoy the variety of a lakeside and mountain holiday which our arrangements in Austria, Jugoslavia, Italy and Germany have to offer.

This week's special suggestions: MARIA-WOERTH, a delightful centre on the Woerthersee (Carinthia), where you find the best weather in the whole of Austria!

Ideal for bathing and sailing enthusiasts, and families with children.

Fortnightly departures from 6 June to 12 September.

Costs from £32.

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PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

THE International Holiday School, Granada, for Spanish language, art, music, drama, Flamenco. Any period from 15 June to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

ANTI-Nuclear Tour Scandinavia, few seats. 11 July, 3 weeks 40 gns. S.a.e. Box 8837.

FLORENCE. Student holidays, also for young non-students. Private villa with free wine from 29 gns all in. FREmantle 7183. USH Secretary, 32 The Little Boltons, SW10.

SWISS Alps, Lake Garda, Venice, Sat. 18 July. Owner of 10-seater, 5 tents, camp beds, etc. seeks others to share fortnight's camping holiday. All camps have showers, etc. All-in costs £25 each. Box 8933.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2.
CHAncery 8217.

UNIVERSITY of The Witwatersrand, Johannesburg Department of Education. Senior Lecturer (Sociology of Education.) Applications are invited for appointment to a post of Senior Lecturer in the Department of Education, for which special qualifications in Sociology of Education are required. Duties are to be assumed on 1 September 1959, or as soon as possible thereafter. Applicants should hold a research degree. The Senior Lecturer appointed will conduct seminars and supervise research with candidates for higher degrees in Education. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £1,590 × £60 – £2,010 p.a. In addition, it is anticipated that an annual vacation savings bonus of £60 will be paid in October each year. Membership of the Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution of 7½ of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership. Intending applicants may obtain further information from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 11 July 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Chair of Law. Applications are invited for a newly established second Chair within the Department of Law from persons specially qualified in Common Law, Property or Equity. The title of the Chair is to be determined after the Chair has been filled and in the light of the qualifications of the chosen applicant. The Professor will be responsible for the teaching of a major branch of Law and for the supervision of staff whose work lies primarily in that field. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and in addition a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 3 August 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Chair of Economic Statistics. Applications are invited for a newly established Chair of Economic Statistics. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and in addition a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 3 August 1959.

CAMPAIGN for Nuclear Disarmament. North-west Region. Full-time Organising Secretary required, to take charge of office, initiate groups and activities in Lancs. and Ches., organise voluntary helpers. For conditions, salary, etc., apply Hon. Sec., Nuclear Disarmament, 14 Tib Lane, Manchester 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Chair of Accounting. Applications are invited for a newly established Chair of Accounting. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,750 per annum plus cost of living adjustment. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and in addition a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 3 August 1959.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Lecturer in English. Applications are invited for the above position. The Lecturer appointed will be required to work both with internal and external (correspondence) students but his principal duties will be with the latter. He will be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,500 × 90 – £A2,100 and in addition a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applns close, in Australia and London, on 22 July 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer and Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for the above posts. The salary for a Senior Lecturer will be £1,315 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,615 and for a Lecturer £1,025 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary in each case will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 31 July, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above position. The Lecturer appointed will be required to give lectures in Latin or Greek for internal students and to conduct courses for external (correspondence) students for the BA degree. He will also be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,500 × 90 – £A2,100 and in addition a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 22 July 1959.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for two posts of Lecturer in Education to begin duties on 1 September, 1959 or as soon as possible thereafter. For one post candidates should have qualifications and special interest in the teaching of English, for the other post candidates should be qualified in Chemistry. Teaching experience is essential. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £900 × £50-£1,350 × £75-£1,650, with FSSU provision and family allowance. Grants towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 4 July 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Salary on the scale £550-£850 p.a. A University degree with some secretarial or administrative experience is desirable but not essential. Applications (two copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent by 12 June, 1959, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

NURSE (fully qualified) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb, London. Excellent remuneration and accommodation. Box 8937.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Junior Research Officer in the Social Science Department. The appointment will be for three years from a date to be arranged but not later than 1 October 1959. Subject to satisfactory qualifications and experience, the salary will be £700 × £50 to £800 per annum. The appointment is in connection with an enquiry into family life and kinship in the Swansea area and will have special reference to the position of old people. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (five copies) must be received by Monday, 15 June, 1959.

PROBATION Training Inspector: Home Office. Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 35 on 1/6/59 with university degree, or comparable qualification, in social science. Wide knowledge of social conditions, understanding of delinquency problems of juveniles and adults, and wide practical experience of modern social case work training essential. Duties include teaching of case work, and organisation of theoretical and practical training for probation students and advanced courses for serving probation officers. Salary scale (men): £1,670-£2,055. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4995/59. Closing date 25 June 1959.

BBC requires Senior Assistant, Topical Talks, Asian Services (British Subject). Duties include: writing news talks of five minutes or more duration for translation into any of the fifteen languages in which the Asian Services broadcast to South and South East Asia, the Far East and Persia; supervision of the preparation of similar talks written by two assistants; writing and broadcasting news talks for the General Overseas Service; finding and briefing experts able to supply scripts for specialised talks at very short notice; maintaining close liaison with appropriate BBC departments and with United Kingdom and Commonwealth Government Information Departments, foreign Press Attachés, and journalists who specialise in foreign and political affairs. Essential qualifications: considerable journalistic experience, good general knowledge of international affairs and home politics; ability to think and work quickly. Candidates should also have spent some time in Asia, have made a special study of the area or part of it, and have broadcasting experience. Selected candidates will be required to submit a script of a five-minute talk on one of a number of given topics and to read it at the microphone over a closed circuit as part of a voice test. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for app. forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.1131, N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ROYAL Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments (Scotland): Illustrator. Pensionable post in Edinburgh for man or woman at least 20 on 1.6.59 who has been engaged in full-time art work for at least 5 years (recognised art school training may count up to 4 years). Candidates with shorter experience may be considered for unestablished appointment initially, with prospect of establishment later. Knowledge of and interest in archæological work an advantage. Selection by interview in Edinburgh. Duties include making field surveys of ancient monuments, drawing and lettering plans and diagrams, taking part in excavation and making drawings of relics found. Starting salary (men) £535 (at 20)-£760 (28 or over). Scale maximum £875. Write Royal Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments (Scotland), 7 Coates Gardens, Edinburgh 12, for application form. Closing date 18 June, 1959.

SOCIAL Worker. Surrey County Council invite applications from almoners and other suitably qualified social workers for four full-time new posts offering wide scope for casework in a developing scheme for family social service. Successful candidates will be required to work within a team of seventeen social workers each under a divisional medical officer in one of the health divisions of the County. Salary scale up to a maximum of £765 plus £30 London Weighting where appropriate. Applications, with names of three referees, to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames (Kingston 1050, Ext. 132) by 30 June 1959.

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Do not apply unless you have already shown some evidence of talent in writing, drama, revue, painting, or music, hot, straight or square.

University Degree would be an advantage.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council. Educational Psychologist (full-time) initially in Southall, Brentford & Chiswick areas. Salary Soulbury II £1,207-£1,470 (male), £1,168-£1,413 (female). Honours degree in psychology or equiv. Recognised training & some teaching exper. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 27 June. (Quote Z670, NS&N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Full-time Educational Psychologist reqd in the Twickenham Child Guidance Centre. Salary: Soulbury II, £1,207 10s. - £1,470 (male); £1,168 10s.-£1,413 12s. (female). Honours degree in psychology or equiv. Recognised training & some teaching exper. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Great George St, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 16 June. (Quote Z.737, NS & N).

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Write Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

FAMILY Casework. After a successful experiment in casework with selected families who were in danger of break-up or who were described as problem families, the London County Council proposes to extend the work and invites further applications for appointment as Caseworkers in this field. The Caseworkers are expected to help such families to become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. The work makes heavy demands but is both challenging and rewarding. Case loads are small. Co-operation with all agencies concerned, both statutory and voluntary, is regarded as an essential part of the work. Experience in family casework is essential; relevant professional training preferable. Salary range: (under review) £630 to £927 10s., commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Further details and application form from Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, SE1. Closing date 25 June. (1207.)

HOME Office Approved School, Poplar Bank House, Huyton, Liverpool. Owing to reorganisation, the Managers of the above Senior Approved School for Girls (36 girls aged between 15-17 years on admission) invite applications for the following posts, to commence as from 1 July 1959: (a) Resident Deputy Head Mistress. Should be a qualified Teacher or person with other qualifications, with knowledge of modern trends in Approved Schools or allied fields of work, preferably with residential experience. (b) Housemistress or Resident Child Care Officer required to undertake individual case work and to be responsible for the leisure-time activities of the girls. Social Science or Child Care qualifications an advantage. (c) Resident Housemothers. Should have knowledge of the needs of adolescent girls and a sympathetic interest in their welfare. Each to be responsible for the daily living activities of her own group of approximately 9 girls. Married couple with husband following his own occupation would be considered. (d) Teachers: (1) General Subjects. (2) Domestic Science. (e) Kitchen Instructor. Salaries in accordance with qualifications and experience. Applications, giving full details of training and experience, with names of three persons to whom reference can be made, should be sent to The Correspondent, 45 Wallace Drive, Huyton, Liverpool.

FAMILY Rehabilitation. The Middlemore Homes, an independent voluntary organisation, invites applications from women social workers for the post of Resident Assistant Warden at a Family Rehabilitation Centre in Birmingham. Social Studies qualification essential and some experience in family case work desirable. Salary according to qualifications and experience. For further particulars and application form apply to The Secretary, The Middlemore Homes, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted in September two young social workers for a group of intelligent children who are emotionally disturbed and deprived of normal home life. They would be responsible for the general welfare and physical care of the children, and must be keenly interested in their out-of-school activities and occupations. Usual school holidays. Salary according to experience and/or qualifications. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Secretary reqd initially for newly formed Social Research Unit at Brunel College of Technology, Woodlands Ave., Acton, W3. Appointment is for a period of 3 years and requires a young woman of initiative with good shorthand & typing. Pref. given to university graduates, minimum qual. GCE in 3 subjects incl. English. Salary: (if qual.) £528 p.a. (if 26 or over). Prescribed conditions. Full particulars and 2 referees to principal, above address. (Quote Z.718, NS & N).

LONDON Philharmonic Orchestra. Secretary for Industrial Concerts Scheme. Interesting work, 5-day week. Salary £9. Requirements: shorthand/typing, attention to detail, initiative. Write General Manager, 53 Welbeck St, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted in September young assistant housemaster to help with general supervision and recreational activities of a group of boys 11 to 16 years. The post gives practical experience in work with disturbed deprived adolescents, and should be of interest to those intending to take further training for posts as probation officers, teachers or other social welfare positions. Highest references required. Salary according to experience. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

THE Jewish Board of Guardians requires female Welfare Officer, trained or experienced, full- or part-time. Apply for details to the Secretary, 5 Oxford Street, Liverpool 7.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications from women with suitable qualifications and experience as Tutor to Training and Refresher Courses for Matrons and Assistant Matrons of Old People's Homes organised by National Old People's Welfare Council. Starting salary £800 p.a. Further particulars and application forms from 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Closing date 24 June, 1959.

WELFARE Workers' team of progressive national social service organisation, with great freedom of action (and therefore much work and responsibility), want another recruit for the London Headquarters: must be able to compose effective letters and to type them. Personality and potentialities more important than experience or diplomas. Own staff know of this vacancy. Applicants should state present salary & starting sal. expected. Box 8983.

ST BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Occupational Therapist (Male or Female) required for duty in Male Occ. Therapy Dept. Candidates should possess the Psychological qualification, National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to the Physician Superintendent.

DEPUTY Superintendent for Residential Nursery. Helping to run a nursery for 35 youngsters from 0-5 calls for a woman who has a real understanding of children's needs, has administrative ability and some knowledge of domestic management. Such a person is required to fill the position of Deputy Superintendent at our nursery situated in an attractive country house on the outskirts of Crowborough, Sussex. A nursing or domestic qualification would be an advantage. Good prospects of promotion. The salary is £535 to £607 10s. commencing according to qualifications and experience, less a deduction of £134 14s. for board, etc. The position is pensionable and comfortable quarters are provided. Annual leave entitlement six weeks. Closing date 30 June 1959. Applic. form and further details from: Children's Officer (SEDO/1263), County Hall, London, SE1.

WANTED: 2 Technicians for Psychiatric Research Unit. 20 minutes from New York City. Salary $4,000 up. Accommodation, food, laundry – $500 per year. Also 2 Nurses for ward, salary as above. Yearly increments. Box 8963.

BOROUGH of Beddington and Wallington. Senior Library Assistant. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians (male or female) for the above appointment in the Public Library. Salary on APT I (£610-£765), plus London Weighting. Applications, on forms obtainable from the undersigned, to be returned not later than Saturday, 20 June, 1959. A. B. Bateman, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Wallington, Surrey.

WORKERS' Educational Association – Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of Organising-Tutor in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Applicants should be Honours graduates in subjects appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £650 × £50 to £1,200. Closing date twenty-one days after the appearance of this advertisement. Application forms and further details from District Secretary, WEA, 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield 1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, South Western District. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor-Organiser in West Devon. Applicants should be Honours Graduates in History, Literature or other subjects appropriate to Adult Education. Salary scale £650 by £50 to £1,200. Experience and qualifications will determine commencing salary. Superannuation scheme. Further details and appln forms from District Secretary, WEA, 1 Portland Square, Plymouth.

DEPTFORD CLP invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary & Agent. The appointment to be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Salary in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from Mr A. J. Hill, Deptford Labour Party, 435 New Cross Road, London, SE14, to whom they should be returned not later than 22 June, 1959.

MARKET Investigations Limited have a vacancy for a young Male Graduate to be trained in all aspects of market research with a view to promotion as a Research Officer responsible for the conduct of surveys and other marketing operations. Some commercial experience would be an advantage. Initial salary £650-£700 p.a. Please write with full details to S. J. Orwell, Director, 1-2 Berners Street, London, W1.

BIOLOGY or General Science Master to help with crafts and/or games, wanted September by independent recognised co-educational boarding school with own farm, near sea in lovely country. Married couple considered if wife can teach. Apply by letter with curriculum vitæ and testimonials, to Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport, Dorset. (Burnham scale, Govt. superan.)

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorks (Co-educational, boarding, recog.) requires Sept. (a) Mistress for Music, O and A level, appreciation, singing, orchestra, instrument teaching. Exceptional opportunities. (b) Form Master, basic subjects 11 – 12 year-olds. Special interest welcome Geog., P.E. or hobbies. Burnham & Superann. Apply headmaster, Kenneth C. Barnes.

MATHS and Elementary Science Master for a Preparatory School that is different. Situated in very beautiful park in Sussex. Games and out-of-school activities desirable. Married quarters available. Apply, giving full particulars, to Box 8950.

PART-time Club Leader required for backward children SW London area, 3 sessions per week £180 p.a. Box 9073.

ASSISTANT Librarian required for agricultural engineering library using UDC. Library qualifications, with good experience in classification essential. Knowledge of agriculture/engineering and some languages desirable. Five-day week; superannuation. Minimum age 25; starting salary £527 rising to maximum of £741. Apply in writing to Secretary, NIAE, Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

ADVERTISEMENT/Circulation Manager required by established educational monthly. Young man preferred, willing to work hard at space selling, and control 'all subscription' circulation. Salary £450 plus commission. Apply Publications Officer, NCVAE, 33 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

EXPERIENCED secretary/shorthand typist required for Managing Director – firm of chemical manufacturers in the Midlands – fully competent in all secretarial duties. Excellent opportunity for person looking for senior position demanding initiative and responsibility. Write giving full details age, experience. Box 8908.

HOUSE Manager required for flatlet house (14 flatlets for elderly people). Light part-time supervisory duties. Rent free flat and honorarium provided. Might suit retired person or married couple with one working. Apply: Secretary, 7 Harley Road, NW3.

AN Editorial Secretary will be required by the 'Jewish Observer & Middle East Review' early in July. Please apply with full details to: The Editor, 100 Salisbury Square House, EC4.

JUNIOR Secretary required for Slade School of Fine Art at University College London (Gower St, WC1); aged 20-24 with good education and secretarial experience; interesting post; good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

REQUIRED immediately, experienced private secretary to designer. Chelsea, 5 mornings. FLA. 1455.

GIRL with initiative, good shorthand-typing speeds, & secretarial & Committee Minutes experience required for interesting post as Personal Assistant. Progressive salary on scale £710 to £789, plus £67 proficiency allowances. Four weeks' holiday, superannuation. Write stating age, education, experience & other qualifications to Inland Revenue Staff Federation, 7 St George's Square, SW1.

SECRETARY wanted (age 21-30) by London correspondence school. Interesting opportunity for an intelligent woman seeking a congenial post. Write, giving details of age, speed, experience, qualifications and salary required, to Box 9037.

YOUNG man to assist in Publications Department of National Council of Social Service. Varied duties including magazine circulation and record keeping. Space selling (experience not essential). Month's annual leave. Canteen. Pension scheme. Commencing salary £9. Write Publications Officer, 26 Bedford Square, WC1.

ARTIST/inventor offers comf. accom. to suitable secretary willing assist in household as well. Initiative & reliability prefd to experience. Write Box 8985/tel. WES. 1302.

PROF. couple require Nanny Housekeeper to look after easily-run flat & 2 small children. Flat 1, Byron House, Byron Hill Rd, Harrow-on-the-Hill. BYR. 8900.

ISLAND farm wants single person/married couple. Essential brain, brawn. Secondary experience. Whatley, Isle of Pabbay, Skye.

ENJOYABLE spare-time work dealing with tourists. Language(s) advantage. Age immaterial. Box 8929.

DOCTOR in SE Lancs. industrial town, trying to run single-handed NHS practice and a big old-fashioned house, desperately needs working housekeeper. Widower, 3 children away at school. Box 9050.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

NEW Zealand lawyer (25) in London for post-graduate studies, needs a job, any kind, for at least two years. Wide interests; driver. Box 8994.

PROSPECTIVE ex-Labour Party organiser, male aged 27, seeks useful employment for after the general election. Anything considered. Driver. Box 8854.

BRISTOL only. Woman MA seeks office post. Experience of offices, people, typing. Intelligent, conscientious, willing, adaptable. Interesting work more important than high salary. Box 8998.

EXP. personal edit./library asst. Lynx-eyed proof-reader, typing, corres., minutes, research, translns., office routine. Woman grad., linguist, avail. for Sept. Chief consid. congenial work, academic holidays. Box 9005.

SWISS secretary, 22, seeks position as secretary/translator. Fluent German, English, French. Shorthand in all three languages. Practical experience. Box 8945.

STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University, and applications are acceptable from students who expect to graduate this summer. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

WHERE TO STAY

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

A FEW vacancies for now & next 5 weeks, from 7 gns, fully incl. Some unrivalled town amenities. Unspoilt countryside, historic places (excursions arranged for those who wish). Slumberlands, h. & c., TV, two lounges. Own beach hut opp. Simple vegtn fare if desired. Illus. brochure & town bklet free from Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St Leonards, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. 9 gns. early July, early Aug. 9½-12 gns.

THIS is it! No TV, but charming scenery and good fare. Trout and salmon fishing available. 8 guineas full board. Fully licensed. 'Portsmouth Inn', Chawleigh, Devon. Chulmleigh 347. Open all year.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

B&B and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Broch. and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. Tel. 508.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. (Herne Bay 750.) Weekends or late holidays.

SMALL hotel, single unspoilt village, Italian Adriatic, superb situation, pension 1,600-1,800 lire per day. Pensione Amedeo, Sirolo, Ancona, Italy.

FAMILY rec. few guests in Normandy, nr sea. Excel. cook. 26s. to 28s. day. Mrs Simonot, Villa Izel, Trouville, Calvados.

PARIS. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux*, Latin Quarter. English spoken. Recently modernised. Cent. htg., c.h.w., bath. Moderate terms. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Genevieve, Paris V.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.: N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
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U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air)

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 812

LEARN Spanish in Madrid. Intensive language and commercial courses – summer months and throughout year. Accommodation in Spanish families. Alberto Sampere, Madrid. Apply London representatives: Modern Tutorial College, 31 James St, W1.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ST. JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive Secretarial crses – small groups – remarkable results. Also attractive languag: Courses & English for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free

RUSSIAN. French. German. Conversations. Private lessons. Expert tuition by native teachers. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. (Opp. Garrick Theatre.) TRA. 2044.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W.14. PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER SCHOOL
EDUCATION FOR FAMILY LIFE
St. Andrew's Hall, University of Reading
17-28 August, 1959

Applications are invited from teachers, youth leaders and other educationists. Bursaries available. Descriptive brochure and enrolment form from Education Secretary, National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W1.

SARDINIA. Summer School in Italian, 2-17 August. Sicily, Study Tour, 19 Aug.-3 Sept. Details from J. Galleymore, MA, College of Technology, Portsmouth.

SEVEN-Day Courses in Dramatic Art. Professional stage staff. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London: Starting 5, 26 July, 2, 9 Aug. Eve. course 17 Aug. £8 8s. & £5 5s. Syllabus from Director: Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

HOUSE Party Holidays. Join an interesting House Party in Britain (Cornwall, Sussex, Norfolk) or on the Continent (Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Sweden) and spend a stimulating holiday in pleasant company. Facilities for Foreign Language practice, Sketching, Painting and Photography. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd, London SW7. KEN. 0911/8881.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

OPPORTUNITY for English children to spend holiday with group of French children in woodland property, Chilterns. Apply Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, London, NW3. SWI. 3391.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JUNE 'Labour Monthly': 'Crisis, Coal and Oil', R. P. Arnot; 'Strong Voices for Peace', Joan Maynard, JP; 'Tibet and Premier Nehru', A. Winnington. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly, post free. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

SMOKING—the Cancer Controversy'. Sir Ronald Fisher, ScD, FRS, Britain's senior statistician, rejects the statistical evidence relating lung cancer to smoking in this fascinating pamphlet. Price 2s. 6d. from all booksellers or direct (2s. 9d. post free) from the publishers Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale Court, High Street, Edinburgh, 1.

'PEKING Politics & Psychology' explains China's need of Tibet. Order now. P.O. 9s. 6d. LLAS, 4 Museum St, WC1.

S/H Books. Various subjects. S.a.e. for list. Noble, 24 Gladwell Rd, N8.

OVERSEAS orders for all types of books welcomed. Poole-Bickford Trading, 27 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism: we buy books, pamphlets, journals: any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop W6. RIV. 6807.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

8 & 12 June at 7.30 — Samson
9 June at 7.30 — Last perf. of Turandot

THE ROYAL BALLET

10 June at 7.30 — The Sleeping Beauty
11 June at 7.30 — The Shadow, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis & Chlöe
13 June at 2.15 — Danses Concertantes, Giselle
13 June at 7.30 — Les Rendezvous, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis & Chlöe

COV. 1066.

ASIAN FILM SOCIETY

presents

VYJAYANTHIMALA

& her troupe of Indian Dancers and Musicians following her sensational triumph at the

Paris International Dance Festival

SCALA THEATRE, LONDON, W1

From 15 June to 20 June; daily 8 p.m.

15s., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. bookable in advance. Box Office MUS. 5731.

'. . . this bejewelled Goddess of Indian Dance finds Paris at her feet.' Paris-Journal.

A NEW Play-in-Music, 'The Borderline'. Comedy by David Holbrook. Music by Wilfrid Mellers. With children from the Children's Opera Group. Edna Graham, Catherine Lawson, Thomas Gambold, Andrew Gold, Norman Tattersall. With the support of the Arts Council. Scala Theatre, London, 4, 5, 6 June, at 7.30. Mat. Sat. 2.30. Tkts 21s., 17s. 6d., 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., available from the Box Office, Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, W1.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8. St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Ulysses in Nighttown'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 7th wk. 11th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems., ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15. Mats. Thurs. 2.30. 'Orpheus Descending' by Tennessee Williams.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973, last perfs, 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30, 5, 6 (Mems 7), 11, 12, 13 Jun.: 'The Matchmaker'.—CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY Theatre, EUS. 5391. 'The Risen People', new play, Fr. St. Sn. 7.45 Mems.

CONCERTS

PURCELL-Handel Festival. London Bach Society. Purcell: Sacred Songs and Church Music. Kathleen Aitken, Wilfred Brown and members of the Society. Conductor: Paul Steinitz. Mon 15 June, at 6.30. St Bartholomew the Great, EC1. Programmes: Nave 6s.; Ambulatories 4s. All unreserved from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd (WEL. 8418), or from Church on concert night.

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon., 8 June, 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. at door.

INTERNAT. Friendship League, Hampstead Branch. Grand Jazz Concert, Bill Bailey's Dixieland Band. Mon. 8 June, 8 p.m. Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd, NW3. Adm. 2s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 6 June: Clair's 'An Italian Straw Hat' (U). Chaplin's 'Champion Charlie' (U). From 7 June: Films by Cocteau: 'La Belle et la Bête' (A).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Week comm. 7 June. Bergman's Wild Strawberries (A), Orson Welles, The Lady From Shanghai (A).

SATYAJIT Ray's 'Aparajito' (English Subtitles), sequel to 'Pathar Panchali'. Royal Commonwealth Society Assembly Hall, Northumberland Avenue, WC2. (Entrance Craven Street.) Thursday, 18 June, 1959, at 7 p.m. Tickets available from: The India Film Society, 31a John Adam Street, WC2. 2s., 3s., 4s. Members; 1s. extra Non-Mems.

ASSET – Dance and Reception to Delegation from Soviet Civil Air Workers Union. St Pancras Town Hall, Friday, 12 June, 7.30 p.m. Dancing, Cabaret, Fully Licensed Bar, Refreshments. Tickets, 5s. each, from: Secretary, London District Council, 20 Cole Park Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Saturday 6 June 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of paintings by Bellini, Brueghel, Boudin, Braque, etc., from all good printsellers. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & gouaches: Francis Bott. Until 27 June.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Francis Bacon – Paintings. Wols – Watercolours. Opens Tuesday, 9 June. To 4 July. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

JOSEPH Levin. Exhibition of Surconsciencilism. Oils & drawings. Grabowski Gallery, 84 Sloane Ave, SW3 (Nr South Kensington Station). Until 20 June. 10-6 inc. Sats.

GALLERY One, W1 (GER. 3529) Circus Family & Sun Child: Francis Rose.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Elisabeth Frink – Sculpture and Drawings. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St. W1. Adolph Gottlieb: Paintings 1944-1959. 4 June to 4 July. Weekdays 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important new acquisitions – Bonnard, Cezanne, Gauguin, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Van Gogh, Vlaminck, etc. New sculpture by Henry Moore. Over 90 works for sale. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. English & French Landscapes of the 19th & 20th Centuries. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.)

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. African, Pre-Columbian, European Sculpture; Baroque and Mannerist Paintings.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. 1-13 June, Giardelli, Obican, Varuni, Painting and Sculpture. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday. 10-5. Adm. free.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Odilon Redon – Paintings, Pastels and Drawings. Entrance 2s. 6d. in aid of Corneal Graft and Eye Bank Research. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 20 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

'OUT of Doors'. Furniture and furnishings for the garden. Until 13 June. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W1.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Paintings by Barnabé'. Until 13 June. 6 Duke Street, St. James's.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Victor Brauner – Paintings. Michael Ayrton – Bronzes, Reliefs, Drawings. Robert Banks' Drawings of Italy. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jack Smith Retrospective. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

PORTRAITS by Erica Suttill at Daborn, 9 Broadway, Mill Hill, NW7. 6-20 June. Daily 9-6 (Th. to 1, Fr., St. to 8). Adm. free.

ST George's Gallery, Laxman Pai – The Life of the Buddha – 12 colour prints. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. 10-6 wkdays, 10-1 Sats.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Krome Barratt and Frank Fidler. 8 June-20 June. Daily 10 a.m.-6 p.m. except Sunday.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

OIL-Fired Central Heating Equipment. All types including conversion. Free advice from Esso experts. Until 13 June. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DOUBT CAN ARISE IN ANY CASE. SHOULD CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BE ENDED?

Speakers: Rev. A. D. Belden, Albert Evans, MP, Rev. William Jenner, Nigel Nicolson, MP, A. R. Tyrrell, Chairman M. B. Purdie. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Friday 12 June, 7.30 p.m. Organised National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New Kings Rd, SW6.

All who believe in racial equality are asked to attend the

FUNERAL OF KELSO COCHRANE

(West Indian murdered in Notting Hill)

on SAT., 6 JUNE

at 9.30 a.m. at St Michael & All Angels Church, Ladbroke Grove, W10.

Universities & Left Review Club

ANGUS WILSON: THE ENGLISH MIDDLE CLASSES

The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1.

Mon. 8 June, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

'WORLD Without War'. Open Conference called by Teachers for Peace. Speaker: Professor J. D. Bernal, FRS. Sat. 13 June 3-6 p.m. Royal Society Health, 90 Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1. Fee 2s. 6d. Tickets from Miss M. Philibert, Sec., Teachers for Peace, 3 Essex Grove, S.E.18, or at door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON – ALP Club. Sunday 7 June 3.30 p.m. 'Journey Among Men'. A discussion of his 'Observer' articles by Dr Jock Marshall. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Canon Collins, 'The Churches & Politics'. Wed., 10 June, 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1). A Public Lecture in Philosophy by Professor K. Ajdukiewicz (Warsaw) entitled 'What do Sentences State?' will be given on Wed. 17 June at 5.30 p.m. Adm. free, without ticket – E. A. L. Gueterbock, Secy.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Art. Lawrence Alloway: 'Adolph Gottlieb'. An illustrated lecture, Thursday, 11 June, 6.30 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. 'Jazz.' Vic Bellerby – Rare Ellingtonia. Tribute to Bechet by Charles Fox. Wednesday, 10 June, 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Literature: Poetry Reading. The American poet Robert Beloof will read from the works of American Poets. Chairman: Donald Davie. Tuesday, 9 June, 6.30 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

BERLIN: Can we agree? Q. & A. Meeting, 7.45 p.m. 5 June, Conway Hall, WC1. V. Nekrasov, L. Teplov, Barnett Stross, MP, Gordon Schaffer, Andrew Rothstein and Pat Sloan. Res. seats 1s. 6d. from BSFS, 36 Spencer St, EC1.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. Eve. 7 p.m. 7 June. Thomas Paine Memorial Meeting. Dr Carl Bode, 'Paine and the American No.'; Michael Foot, 'Paine and 'The Rights of Man''; Dennis Phombeah, 'Paine and Emergent Peoples Today'; Dr Ronald Fletcher, 'Paine's 'Age of Reason''. Chairman: C. Bradlaugh Bonner. Write for free copy 'Monthly Record'.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 5 June, 8 p.m. Dr B. Malnick: 'Shchepkin – Russia's greatest actor'. Fri. 12 June, 8 p.m., Cyril Zinovieff: 'Consequences of Slavophilism'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 10 June, 6.30: 'Suffering Ceases Not by Suffering'. Miss M. Winder, MA. Also Saturday Group, 13 June, 3 p.m.: discussion & tea – open to all. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' for Buddhist news and views. Information TAT. 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

EUTHANASIA. Dr McDonald, Chairman, Euthanasia Society, Leighton House, Kensington. Thurs., 11 June, 8 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Ghanananda, Thurs., 11 June, 7.30, Conway Hall, Holborn: 'The Theory & Practice of Monism II'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

THE Vedanta Movement, lecture by Swami Avyaktananda on Chinese Faiths and Humanism (Third lecture on Faiths and World Fellowship) at Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, SW1, on Friday, 12 June, at 7.30 p.m.

BHAGAVAD-Gita: Its Allegorical Significance. Sunday 7 June, 8 p.m. Free. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 13 June at 6 p.m. Mr Eric Moonman: 'Individual Expression – Variations on the original theme'.

IWC London Branch. Fri. 12 June, 8.30 p.m., 'Pali Buddhism', Miss I. B. Horner. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688. Free.

'QUAKERISM – a Faith for the Ordinary Man': Speaker, R. Duncan Fairn. Sunday, 7 June at 6.30 p.m. at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

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LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 811

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Jensen.

10. *He has a wearing tendency to share problems with a 'sympathetic' listener.*

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